Every Week

THE BIG 3¢ WORTH

December 27, 1915

Beginning a Live Serial—"The Wall Street Girl"

What Causes Typewriters' Cramp?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

TYPEWRITERS' cramp—as well as writers', telegraphers', dancers', or pianists' palsy—is caused by overstimulation of certain cells in definitely localized areas of the brain.

The first effect of this stimulation is to produce a swelling of the nerve or brain cells, by the absorption of the nutritive material in which the cells are bathed. However, as they become more and more fatigued by long-continued stimulation, the cells shrink, their contents are wasted, become displaced, and finally they become disorganized, and death of the cell ensues.

The chemical results of these changes have been experimentally studied in animals. These investigations show that normal protoplasm—material of which the cells are composed—is transformed from phosphorus-loaded fat into neutral fat—fat devoid of phosphorus.

That is what happens when a typist, a pianist, or a clerk persists in over-stimulating those areas in the brain that order the fingers to write or play. If the will does not let up on these orders to the muscles concerned in writing or playing long enough for them to secure rest and recuperation from their over-stimulation, we have a case of palsy on our hands, with the same degeneration of motor nerve matter which ultimately results in a total atrophy (or shrinking) of the nerves and muscles that they supply.

When to Ask for a Vacation

WITH these facts in mind, it is needless to say that "occupation cramps" are much serious disorders. Persistence in going on the muscles concerned, after the symptoms of nerve-strain are manifest, is an open invitation to a breakdown.

When the fingers or arms feel stiff, lose heavy, or fatigued, when there is pain in using the affected groups, often associated with a tremor of the muscles, it is high time to ask for a vacation. Otherwise complete paralysis may follow.

Often there is a sensation of pricking or numbness in the fingers, and sometimes great nervousness and mental depression.

The treatment is simple enough—if it can be carried out. It consists in rest, and then rest—followed by more rest. Massage of the parts is beneficial—always stroking in the direction of the flow of the venous blood—from below upward. A course of electric treatments—preferably by the faradic battery—is helpful.

The Fitzfarald method has also been successful in this affliction. This consists in stimulating normal nerve functioning by sharply pricking the ends of the affected fingers several minutes each day, morning and night, with a blunt knitting-needle. Dr. Fitzfarald frequently uses a steel instrument for this purpose. This treatment must be persistently carried out to secure the best results.

Also, a long course of exercises, under the advice of a competent physician, is usually necessary. But over and above all, no matter what the circumstances, these disorders should never be treated with contempt. For they are much more grave and serious than we have hitherto thought, and their cure is dependent upon the complete cooperation of the afflicted one. Unless the cause of the condition—which is almost invariably over-exertion of the affected muscle groups—can be removed, the outlook is decidedly unpromising. There is one worse thing than having typewriters' cramp, and that is *obstinately to disregard the fact that one has it.*

A House that Horse-Radish Built

By WALT MASON

Here's a story of pluck and achievement that is worthy of Walt Mason's best. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Wise were over seventy years old before they began to build their home. The money to pay for the materials they earned by making horse-radish; and every board was put in place, every nail driven, by their own hands. Send us in some more stories of worth-while people and Walt Mason will make them as famous as Longfellow made the late Miss Evangeline.

NOW it is Martin Wise and wife on whom you fix your gaze; they've lived a long and useful life, that had no futile days. He years count up to seventy-three, and hers threescore and ten; and they should live, their friends agree, as many years again.

Horse-radish is a condiment that beats the chemists' best; it has a rich, hairlifting scent, it's backed down with zest. The Wises grate and bottle it, and sell it in their town, and it's so pure and strong and fit, it has a wide renown. Five thousand bottles of their sauce to season they have sold, and rivals were a total loss and found the peddling cold.

Two years ago said Martin Wise, "It's time we had a home"; to which the faithful wife replies, "No hats are in your horse."

He once had learned the mason's trade, in golden bygone years; and he had acted as an aide to skilful carpenters. "We'll build this house ourselves," he said, "a modern couple aware, "from earlies in the pantry shelves, from porch to kitchen door, etc."

They labored in the burning sun, they toiled there side by side, until their mighty task was done and they could point with pride. The house that Martin Wise did stunts that might have strained a husky man of twice her size; but never complained. She did the work of Martin, alone, and did it mighty well, while Martin, man of brawn and bone, nailed shingles for a spell. And when not at these heavy tasks, horse-radish she would grate, and put it up in handsome flasks, and ship it by the freight. Their radish brought in all the coin that helped make good their dream; it paid for every lath and nail, for every joist and beam. It paid for every bed and quilt, the stove that bakes the pies. It is "The House that Radish Built" to which you glue your eyes.

They're watching, from their fig-tree, now, the years scoot down the track; we hope that Martin Wise and Frau may long enjoy their shack.

"I Dread the End of the Year"

I DREAD to come to the end of the year," said a friend to us recently; "it makes me realize I am growing old."

That suggests a question: When is a man old?

In Shakespeare's time a man was old at forty, and often, because of the gay life, invalided long before that.

Sir Walter Scott at fifty-five bemoaned the fact that he was an old man.

Montaigne retired to his castle at thirty-eight to spend his declining years in peace and study.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked that at thirty-five a man had reached his peak, and after that his course must be downward.

Physiologists tell us that in all mammals except man the period of life is five times the period of growth. A dog gets its full growth in two years, and lives ten; a horse in five years, and lives twenty-five. On this basis a man should live from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years.

Why were these three men—Scott, Montaigne, and Johnson—old while they were still comparatively young?

The answer is, because they felt old and acted old.

William James, the great psychologist, said that most men are "old fogies at twenty-five."

He was right. Most men at twenty-five are satisfied with their jobs. They have accumulated the little stock of prejudices that they call their "principles," and closed their minds to all new ideas: they have ceased to grow.

The minute a man ceases to grow,—no matter what his years,—that minute he begins to be old.

On the other hand, the really great man never grows old.

Bismarck, who died at eighty-three, did his greatest work after he was seventy.

Titian, the celebrated painter, lived to be ninety-nine, painting right up to the end.

Goethe died at eighty-three, and finished his "Faust" only a few years earlier; Gladstone took up a new language when he was seventy; Commodore Vanderbilt increased the mileage of his lines from 120 to more than 10,000 between his seventieth birthday and his death at eighty-three.

Laplace, the astronomer, was still at work when death caught up with him at seventy-eight. He died crying, "What we know is nothing: what we do not know is immense."

And there you have the real answer to the question, When is a man old?

Laplace at seventy-eight died young. He was still unsatisfied, still growing, still sure that he had a lot to learn.

As long as a man can keep himself in that attitude of mind, as long as he can look back on every year and say, "I grew," he is still young.

The minute he ceases to grow, the day he says to himself, "I know all that I need to know"—that day youth stops. He may be twenty-five or seventy-five, it makes no difference. On that day he begins to be old.

The editor of this magazine is Bruce Barton: write him a letter about the magazine once in a while, at his New York office, 95 Madison Ave.

Vol. 1
No. 35

Every Week

Dec. 27,
1915

"'On the contrary,' ventured Barton, 'I think he hoped you might marry and—' 'Marry!' broke in Don. 'Did you say marry?'"

The Wall Street Girl

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Illustrations by George E. Wolfe

FORE beginning to read the interesting document in front of him, Jonas Barton, senior member of Barton & Saltonstall, paused his glasses rather carefully, in sufficient time to study for a ll, good-looking young man differently on the other side of the had not seen his late client's the latter had entered college—a black-haired, black-eyed lad of seventeen, impulsive in manner and speech. The intervening four years had tempered him a good deal. And yet, the Pendleton characteristics were all there—the square jaw, the rather large, firm mouth, the thin nose, the keen eyes. They were all there, but each a trifle subdued: the square jaw not quite so square as the father's, the mouth not quite so large, the nose so sharp, or the eyes so keen. On the other hand, there was a certain fineness that the father had lacked.

In height Don fairly matched his father's six feet, although he still lacked the Pendleton breadth of shoulder.

THE son was lean, and his cigarette—a dilettante variation of honest tobacco-puffing that had always been a source of irritation to his father—did not look at all out of place between his long, thin fingers; in fact, nothing else would have seemed quite suitable. Barton was also forced to admit to himself that the young man, in some miraculous way, managed to triumph over his rather curious choice of raiment, based presumably on current styles. In and of themselves the garments were not beautiful. From Barton's point of view, Don's straw hat was too large and too high in the crown. His black-and-white check suit was too conspicuous and cut close to the figure in too feminine a fashion. His lavender socks, which matched a lavender tie, went well enough with the light stick he carried; but, in his opinion, a young man of twenty-two had no business to carry a light stick. By no stretch of the imagination could one picture the elder Pendleton in such garb, even in his jauntiest days. And yet, as worn by Don, it seemed as if he could not very well have worn anything else. Even the mourning-band about his left arm, instead of adding a sombre touch, afforded an effective bit of contrast. This, however, was no fault of his. That mourning has artistic possibilities is a happy fact that has brought gentle solace to many a widow.

On the whole, Barton could not escape the deduction that the son reflected the present rather than the past. Try as he might, it was difficult for him to connect this young man with Grandfather Pendleton, ship-builder of New Bedford, or with the father who in his youth commanded the *Nancy B.* But that was by no means his duty—as Don faintly suggested when he uncrossed his knees and hitched forward impatiently.

"Your father's will is dated three years ago last June," began Barton.

"At the end of my freshman year," Don observed.

Jonas Barton adjusted his spectacles and began to read. He read slowly and very distinctly, as if anxious to give full value to each syllable:

"New York City, borough of Manhattan, State of New York. I, Donald Joshua Pendleton, being of sound mind and—"

Donald Pendleton, Jr., waved an objection with his cigarette.

"Can't you cut out all the legal stuff and just give me the gist of it? There's no doubt about father having been of sound mind and so forth."

"It is customary—" began the attorney.

"Well, we'll break the custom," Don cut in sharply.

Barton glanced up. It might have been his late client speaking; it gave him a start.

"As you wish," he assented. "Perhaps, however, I may be allowed to observe that in many ways your father's will is peculiar."

"It wouldn't be father's will if it wasn't peculiar," declared Don.

BARTON pushed the papers away from him.

"Briefly, then," he said, "your father leaves his entire estate to you—in trust."

Don leaned forward, his stick grasped in his gloved hands.

"I don't get that last."

"In trust," repeated Barton with emphasis. "He has honored our firm with the commission of serving as a board of trustees for carrying out the terms of the will."

"You mean to fix my allowance?"

"To carry out the terms of the will, which are as follows; namely, to turn over to you, but without power of conveyance, the paternal domicile on West Sixtieth Street with all its contents."

Don frowned.

"Paternal domicile—I can translate that all right. I suppose you mean the house. But what's that line 'without power of conveyance'?"

"It means that you are at liberty to occupy the premises, but that you are to have no power to sell, to rent, or to dispose of the property in any way whatsoever."

Don appeared puzzled.

"That's a bit queer. What do you suppose dad thought I wanted of a place that size to live in?"

"I think your father was a man of considerable sentiment."

"Eh?"

"Sentiment," Barton repeated. "It was there you were born, and there your mother died."

"Yes, that's all correct; but—well, go on."

"The rest of the document, if you insist upon a digest, consists principally of directions to the trustees. Briefly, it provides that we invest the remainder of the property in safe bonds and apply the interest to meet taxes on the aforesaid paternal domicile, to retain and pay the wages of the necessary servants, to fur-

Here is Miss Frances Stuyvesant, tall and dark and slender, daughter of Marcus H. Stuyvesant. "We can be engaged as long as we wish; can't we?" she asked Don. And he answered: "I want to marry you as soon as I can."

nish fuel and water, and to maintain the house in proper repair."

"Well, go on."

"In case of your demise—"

"You may skip my demise: I'm not especially interested in that."

"Then I think we have covered all the more important provisions," Barton concluded.

"All?" exclaimed Don. "What do you think I'm going to live on?"

HERE was the cloak for which Barton had been waiting. His face hardened, and he shoved back his chair a little.

"I am not able to find any provision in the will relating to that," he answered.

"Eh? But what the deuce—"

For a moment Don stared open-mouthed at the lawyer. Then he reached in his pocket for his cigarettes, selected one with some deliberation, and tapped an end upon the case.

"You said dad had considerable sentiment," he observed. "It strikes me he has shown more humor than sentiment."

Barton was still aggressive. To tell the truth, he expected some suggestion as to the possibility of breaking the will; but if ever he had drawn a paper all snug and tight, it was the one in question.

"Damme," Pendleton, Sr., had said. "Damme, Barton, if the lad is able to break the will, I'll rise in my grave and haunt you the rest of your days—"

If the boy wished to test the issue, Barton was ready for him. But the boy's thoughts seemed to be on other things.

"I suppose," mused Pendleton, Jr., "I suppose it was that freshman scrape that worried him."

"I was not informed of that," replied Barton.

"It made good reading," the young man confided. "But, honest, it was not so bad as the papers made it out. Dad was a good sport about it, anyhow. He cleared it up and let me go on."

"If you will allow me to advance an opinion,—a strictly personal opinion,—it is that Mr. Pendleton devised the entire will with nothing else but your welfare in mind. He had a good deal of pride, and desired above all things to have you retain the family home. If I remember correctly, he said you were the last lineal descendant."

Don nodded pleasantly.

"The last. Kind of looks as if he wanted me to remain the last."

"On the contrary," ventured Barton, "I think he hoped you might marry and—"

"Marry?" broke in Don. "Did you say *marry*?"

"I even understood, from a conversation with your father just before his death, that you—er—were even then engaged. Am I mistaken?"

"Not that's true enough. But say—look here."

The young man reached in his pocket and brought out a handful of crumpled bills and loose change. He counted it carefully.

"Twelve dollars and sixty-three cents," he announced. Frances Stuyv

Barton refr opinion.

"What do y vesant will say

No point of quiry, Jonas I

"What do y Stuyvesant wi and mention a

"Not being tive. I am not tion replied. " you what you these circumst

"What?" in

"He would case before the and learn just

"Wrong. B girl," answered He replaced

"Ah," he sigh days."

"If I remem Jonas Barton lars and sixty much as your asked your da was just after h

"Yes, thou nodded Don. nerve with him

"He did," a his nerve with

IN spite of the lets to belittl of human expe versal substan to live it is ne lary is equally necessary to pa

And yet unt in a position t the latter state an detail of his loss thought o dining. Oppos every hand,—a at his club, a hotels,—and al tribute was an

It was not t twelve dollars Don was in a point of view. After leaving Saltonstall at the Harvard out down his thirteen cents, gins and Wats and soon he dollar. They walk part way his return, he membering the afternoon to a thing and sent cost him five he passed a co had to stop for bon-bons, whi

Not that he the least. As h in his pocket a cient value to vestment, that prising how he suffice it a lei nue. Within a store two cravat a box of cigars and actually h a few odd piece not impress hi as it happened moment fully

It was a clea unconscious of tinued up the A to the house w last ten years l deal from the Groton, four at house had alwa ground of his co

Nora opened had for twenty

"Are you lo she inquired.

circumstances. He had no right to borrow. The whole basis of his credit was gone.

The situation was, on the face of it, so absurd that the longer he thought it over the more convinced he became that Barton had made some mistake. He decided to telephone Barton.

It was with a sense of relief that Don found the name of Barton & Saliconstall still in the telephone-book. It would not have surprised him greatly if that too had disappeared. It was with a still greater sense of relief that he finally heard Barton's voice.

"Look here," he began. "It seems to me there must be some misunderstanding somewhere. Do you realize that I'm stony broke?"

"Why, no," answered Barton. "I thought you showed me the matter of thirteen dollars or so."

"I did; but that's gone, and all I have now is the matter of thirteen cents or so."

"I'm sorry," answered Barton. "If a small loan would be of any temporary advantage—"

"Hang it!" cut in Don. "You don't think I'm trying to borrow, do you?"

"I beg your pardon. Perhaps you will tell me, then, just what you do wish."

"I must eat, mustn't I?"

"I consider that a fair presumption."

"Then what the deuce!"

Don evidently expected this ejaculation to be accepted as a full and conclusive statement. But, as far as Barton was concerned, it was not. "Yes?" he queried.

"I say, what the deuce?"

"I don't understand."

"What am I going to do?"

"Oh, I see. You mean, I take it, what must you do in order to provide yourself with funds."

"Exactly," growled Don.

"Of course, the usual method is to work," suggested Barton.

"Eh?"

"To find a position with some firm which, in return for your services, is willing to pay you a certain fixed sum weekly or monthly. I offer you the suggestion for what it is worth. You can think it over."

"Think it over!" exclaimed Don. "How long do you think I can think on thirteen cents?"

"If you authorize me to act for you in the matter, I have no doubt something can be arranged."

"You seem to hold all the cards."

"I am merely obeying your father's commands." Barton hastened to assure him. "Now, can you give me any idea what you have in mind?"

"I'll do anything except sell books," Don answered promptly.

"Very well," concluded Barton. "I'll advise you by mail as soon as anything develops."

"Thanks."

"In the meanwhile, if you will accept a loan—"

"Thanks again," answered Don; "but I'll go hungry first." He hung up the receiver and went back to the lounge.

STUYVESANT was proud of his daughter—proud of her beauty, proud of her ability to dress, proud of her ability to spend money. She gave him about the only excuse he now had for continuing to hold his seat on the Stock Exchange. The girl was tall and dark and slender, and had an instinct for clothes that permitted her to follow the vagaries of fashion to their extremes with the assurance of a Parisienne, plus a certain Stuyvesant daring that was American. At dinner that night she wore, for Don's benefit, a new French gown that made even him catch his breath. It was beautiful, but without her it would not have been beautiful. Undoubtedly its designer took that into account when he designed the gown.

The dinner was in every way a success, and a credit to the Stuyvesant chef—who, however, it must be said, seldom had the advantage of catering to a guest that had not lunched. Stuyvesant was in a good humor, Mrs. Stuyvesant pleasantly negative as usual, and Frances radiant. Early in the evening Stuyvesant went off to his club for a game of bridge, and Mrs. Stuyvesant excused herself to write notes.

"I met Reggie Howland at the tea this afternoon," said Frances. "He was very nice to me."

"Why shouldn't he be?" inquired Don.

"I rather thought you would come. Really, when one goes to all the bother of allowing oneself to be engaged, the least one expects is a certain amount of attention from one's fiancé."

She was standing by the piano, and he went to her side and took her hand—the hand wearing the solitaire that had been his mother's.

"You're right," he nodded; "but I was all tied up with business this afternoon."

She raised her dark brows a trifle.

"Business?"

"Lots of it," he nodded. "Come over here and sit down; I want to tell you about it."

HE led her to a chair before the open fire. He himself continued to stand with his back to the flames. He was not serious. The situation struck him now as even funnier than it had in Barton's office. He had in his pocket just thirteen cents, and yet here he was in Stuyvesant's house, engaged to Stuyvesant's daughter.

"It seems," he began—"it seems that dad would have his little joke before he died."

"Yes?" she responded indifferently. She was bored by business of any sort.

"I had a talk to-day with Barton—his lawyer. Queer old codger, Barton. Seems he's been made my guardian. Dad left him to me in his will. He left me Barton, the house, and twelve dollars and sixty-three cents."

"Yes, Don."

She did not quite understand why he was going into details. They did not seem to concern her, even as his fiancée.

"Of that patrimony I now have thirteen cents left," Don continued. "See, here it is."

He removed from his pocket two nickels and three coppers.

"It doesn't look like much, does it?"

"Oh, Don," she laughed, "do be serious!"

"I am serious," he assured her. "I've been serious ever since I went to Sherry's for lunch, and found I did not have enough for even a club sandwich."

"But, Don!" she gasped.

"It's a fact. I had to leave."

"Then where *did* you lunch?"

"I didn't lunch."

"You mean you did not have enough change to buy something to eat?"

"I had thirteen cents. You can't buy anything with that, can you?"

"I—I don't know."

Suddenly she remembered how, once on her way home from Chicago, she lost her purse and did not have sufficient change left even to wire her father to meet her. She was forced to walk from the station to the house. The experience had always been like a nightmare to her. She rose and stood before him.

"But, Don—what are you going to do?"

"I telephoned Barton, and he suggested I take some sort of position with a business house. He's going to find something for me. I'm not worrying about that; but what I want to know is what I ought to do about you."

"I don't understand, Don."

"I mean about our engagement."

She looked puzzled.

"I'm afraid I'm very stupid."

"We can't be married on thirteen cents, can we?"

"But we needn't be married until you have more, need we?"

"That's so. And you're willing to wait?"

"You know I've told you I didn't wish to be married before spring, anyway. I think it's much pleasanter staying just as we are."

"We can't be engaged all our lives," he protested.

"We can be engaged as long as we wish, can't we?"

"I want to marry you as soon as I can."

Her eyes brightened and she placed a soft hand upon his arm.

"That's nice of you, Don," she said. "But you don't know what a frightfully expensive burden I'll be as a wife."

"If I earned, to start with, say fifty dollars a week—would you marry me on that?"

And this is Miss Winthrop, a very busy stenographer in the office of Carter, Rand & Seagraves. Hers are brown eyes, honest and direct, above a mouth of almost mannish firmness. "It was a face that interested him—"

"If I did, what would we live on?" she inquired.

"Well, I have the house. That's provided for—all except the table."

"But if I spent the fifty dollars for a new hat, then what would we have left for provisions?"

"You mustn't spend it all on a new hat," he warned.

"Then, there are gowns and—oh, lots of things you don't know anything about."

"Couldn't you get along with a little less?"

She thought a moment.

"I don't see how," she decided. "I never get anything I don't want."

"That's something," he nodded approvingly. "Then you think I must earn more than fifty a week?"

"I only know that dad gives me an allowance of ten thousand a year, and there's never anything left," she answered.

"Ten thousand a year!" he exclaimed. "Everything is so expensive to-day, Don. All this talk sounds frightfully vulgar, but—there's no use pretending, is there?"

"Not a bit," he answered. "And if ten thousand a year is what you need, ten thousand a year is what I must earn."

"I don't believe it's very hard, because dad does it so easily," she declared.

"I'll get it," he nodded confidently. "And, now that it's all settled, let's forget it. Come over to the piano and sing for me."

He sat down before the keys and played her accompaniments, selecting his own songs. They ran through some of the latest opera successes, and then swung off to the simpler and older [illegible] after "Annie Laurie" that [illegible] looked deep into her eyes.

Continued on page 17

"I'll get it for you," he said soberly.

"Oh, Don!" she whispered. "Sometimes nothing seems important but just you."

THE arrangement that Barton made for his late client's son was to enter the banking house of Carter, Rand & Seagraves, on a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. Don found the letter at the Harvard Club the next morning, and immediately telephoned Barton.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "I appreciate what you've tried to do and all that, but what in thunder good is twelve hundred dollars a year?"

"It is at least twelve hundred more than you have now," suggested Barton.

"But how can I live on it?"

"You must remember you have the house—"

"Hang the house," Don interrupted. "I must eat and smoke and buy clothes, mustn't I? Besides, there's Frances. She needs ten thousand a year."

"I have no doubt but that, in time, a sum of your ability—"

"How long a time?"

"As to that I am not prepared to give an opinion," replied Barton.

"Because it isn't when I'm eighty that I want it."

"I should say the matter was entirely in your own hands. This at least offers you an opening, and I advise you to accept it. However, you must decide for yourself; and if at any later date I may be of service—"

Don returned to the lounge to think the matter over. It was ten o'clock and he

The Champion Bee-Catcher

WHEN a swarm of bees suddenly encamps on your Victrola, don't send for the police or burn your house down in an effort to smoke them out. Just call up Jimmy Fisk, Redlands, California, and Jimmy will come—provided you send him carfare and are willing to pay him a reasonable wage for his time.

For experts can't be had these days without money, you understand; and Jimmy is an expert—the only professional bee-catcher in the United States. Out in his territory they call him the Bee-Coaxer.

You know that feeling that comes over you sometimes, madam, that, no matter if the heavens fall, you've simply got to drop everything and wash your hair. Well, it's that way with bees. When they make up their minds to swarm, they swarm, and nothing can stop them. The new queen calls to them, and the whole hive-full will follow her, no matter where. Usually they do not fly far, but they light in the most unexpected places—sometimes on the limb of a tree, or on a chimney, or in a church pulpit, or even on a passing vehicle. Swarms have been known to fasten on to and completely cover an innocent little bicycle standing at the curb.

Then comes Jimmy. Without gloves or any other protection except a simple mask, he collects the swarm, loads it on to a little express wagon, and takes it away to the nearest hive. It's quite a trick, as you would discover if you ever tried to handle a couple of thousand bees, each one with a perfectly healthy stinger spoiling for use. But Jimmy is never stung.

In the past few months he has collected a hundred swarms, which are now hived as respectable bees should be; and on the side he has gathered in something like two thousand pounds of honey; for when a bee swarm is allowed to remain in an empty barn or a hollow tree-trunk for any length of time, the workers have a number of combs filled in short order. And it's one of the rules of the profession that to the "catcher belong the spoils."

It is one of the best little things about the average American that, no matter what may happen, he will figure out some way to make a living. We like to dig up these stories of ingenious Americans who make their living after unconventional fashions of their own invention. We've told in these pages the stories of the man who catches rattlesnakes for a living, and the man who raises goats, and fifty others similarly interesting. And now in this collection of people in unique employments we add the story of Jimmy Fisk, the only man in America who makes his living as a professional catcher of bees.

If you don't like any of the ordinary jobs in the world, invent a new one for yourself. Jimmy Fisk did; he's the only professional bee-catcher

Provided he has good health, and is not burdened with the support of a family, any boy in the United States can get a college education if he wants it hard enough. These thirteen boys had fifty cents in their college fund a year ago; now they have $350. And it's still growing.

How We Made Fifty Cents Grow

WE thirteen boys made up our minds a year ago that we ought to go to college. We held a meeting about it, and took up a collection to start a college fund. The results of that collection were exactly fifty cents—not much of a start, but still a start. Then we began looking for some way to make that fifty cents grow.

Kindling—there was an idea. Every family needs kindling, and we were the boys that knew how to provide it. We started in chopping up all the old boards and beams we could lay our hands on, and before long we had sold eighty bunches of kindling at ten cents a bunch. Our fifty cents had grown to $8.50.

Then we took our whole fortune and bought an incubator, following the stories of people who say they have made money in chickens. Perhaps those people all tell the truth; we aren't saying they don't. But we didn't make any money—that is, hardly any. We finally unloaded our chicken business for $25. Then we borrowed $8, added it to our $25, and bought an old rule of a horse, and went back into the kindling business on a wholesale scale.

You should have seen that old horse; he certainly looked like the last race of summer. But we fed him up and were kind to him, and, if you'll believe it, he looked so much better and felt so much stronger this fall that we sold him for $90—a hundred per cent. on our investment and the use of the old fellow for several months into the bargain.

Well, sir, since then we have done almost everything that boys can do to turn an honest penny. The oldest of us is seventeen, and we range all the way down to eleven. We've collected gas bills, peddled papers, and now we're branching out into pigeon-raising and Belgian hares. We find we can sell our surplus stock without any trouble, and our capital stock is booming. Our treasury now contains $350, every cent of it made from that original fifty cents.

Some day you'll read in the papers the names of thirteen star football players at Yale or Harvard, and you'll notice that they all come from one town, Glenville, Ohio. That will be us. We haven't got nearly enough money yet, but we're young, and $350 is a pretty fair start, you'll agree. We have an idea that any dozen boys anywhere can go to college if they are willing to work, and have sense enough to save.

Want to Weigh 350? Eat Popcorn

MANY people believe that there is no such town as Oshkosh, that it is simply one of those fanciful places that newspaper humorists have invented because it sounded good. To all such doubters this story will be very interesting.

It concerns Fred Dahlen, the man whom you see sitting so snugly into this popcorn wagon. To address Fred, through the mails, you write "Oshkosh, Wisconsin" on the envelop.

Some men bend and break under a blow of Fate; others—the real though unadvertised heroes of the world—merely laugh and grow fat. It is part of the business of this magazine to discover heroes of this every-day sort, and Fred Dahlen is one of that kind. When a train collided with him one afternoon, cutting off one leg, Fred was distressed, but his spirit was not broken. Before he left the hospital he had made up his mind to buy a popcorn wagon.

"It took all the money I could get together," he says, "and you might call it a long chance—a man of my age investing all his savings in a business he didn't know anything about. But I had an idea that the public is willing to pay a fellow that smiles—provided he gives 'em what they want. And I knew what the public wants—it wants plenty of butter. I started in to put more butter on my popcorn than any other popcorn man in the world, and inside of six weeks I had my competitors on the run.

"Now I make all the colored popcorn balls for the grocers at Christmas time—10,000 of them this year alone. Yes, it makes me a comfortable living. 'Bout $2000 this year isn't so bad, me bein' used to another trade and all. This year I had enough saved up to buy an automobile, and I'm going to hitch my wagon to the car next year and work the county fairs.

"I wouldn't encourage an able-bodied man to enter the popcorn business, though—too confining. But there isn't many things a one-legged man can do—especially," he added in an after-thought, "since I turned fleshy."

"Fleshy" Fred weighs over 350 pounds, and is still improving. No railway train would care to take a chance with Fred these days. But his optimism has increased in proportion to his flesh. He's the happiest one-legged man in Wisconsin, and Oshkosh folk claim that his popcorn wagon is as much a civic improvement as a drinking fountain.

If would you lie down and quit if a train cut off one of your legs and you couldn't work at your trade? Or would you have pluck enough to come back smiling in a new role?

The Only Pet Sea-Cow

Want a pet sea-cow? Well, you can't have one. There's only one in the country, and she's perfectly satisfied with her present owners, thank you.

IF Mrs. Vernon Castle really wants to lead the fashion, she must get over the illusion that that monkey of hers is the latest thing in pets. Not at all. Haven't Mr. and Mrs. Schulze of Pittman, Florida, a pet sea-cow?

Professionally, Mr. Schulze is not a competitor of the Castles, being an alligator-hunter. He has trapped hundreds of alligators in the Everglades, but for twenty years he had wanted a sea-cow, and Mrs. Schulze simply couldn't be happy without one. Then they found Nellie. She was caught in his ordinary nets, but before he could pull her out he had to get permission from the government, and assure them he only intended to use Nellie for educational purposes. As Nellie is nine feet long and weighs nearly four hundred pounds, and as one blow of her tail can knock over an alligator, she was not the easiest customer in the world; but Mr. Schulze finally got her into the wooden tank he had ready. Nellie isn't a fish; she can live without water four or five days, and she can remain under water for only five minutes. But her speed as a swimmer is her great protection against alligators and crocodiles. Nellie seems to recognize her mistress and eats from her hand. For sea-cows are vegetarians, just as their dry-land sisters are, with almost the same swing of the jaws.

Since entering civilized society Nellie has spent much of her time traveling. She has a large galvanized iron tank which nicely fits an express car. Nellie has the advantage of her more terrestrial sisters in that she doesn't have to give milk; in fact, her chief asset might be said to be her face. Mr. Schulze has found this worth insuring for $3000.

Alms and the Man

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

Illustrations by Cecil Jay

WHILE she was yet dressing, she had heard the soft pad of slippers on the narrow landing outside her room and the shuffle of papers; then, heralded by a single knock, the scrape and crackle of a paper being pushed under her door. It was in this fashion that the Maison Marbel presented its weekly bill to its guests.

"*Merci!*" she called aloud, leaving her dressing to go and pick up the paper. A grunt from without answered her, and the slipper thudded away.

Standing by the door, with arms and shoulders bare, she unfolded the document, a long sheet with a printed column of items and large inky figures in francs and centimes written against them, and down in the right-hand corner the dramatic climax of the total. It was the total that interested Annette Kelly.

"H'm!" It was something between a gasp and a sigh. "They're making the most of me while I last."

Her purse was under her pillow—an old and baggy affair of shagreen, whose torn lining had to be explored with a forefinger for the coins it swallowed. She emptied it now upon the bed. The light of a Paris summer morning, golden and serene, flowed in at the window, visiting the poverty of the little room with its barren benediction, and shining upon the figure of Annette as she bent above her money and counted it. She was a slender girl of some three-and-twenty years, with hair and eyes of a sumber brown. Six weeks of searching for employment in Paris, of economizing on food, of spurring herself each morning to the tone of hope and resolution, of returning each evening footsore and dispirited, had a little blanched and touched with tenseness a face in which there yet lingered some of the soft contours of childhood.

"It was the edge of the precipice at last. 'Well,' said Annette, 'it just means that to-day I've got to get some work—I've got to!'"

SHE sat down beside the money on the bed, her ankles crossed below her petticoat. Her accounts were made up. After paying the bill and bestowing one franc in the unavoidable tip, there would remain to her exactly eight francs for her entire resources. It was the edge of the precipice at last.

"Well," said Annette slowly—she had already the habit of talking aloud to herself that comes to lonely people. She paused. "It just means that to-day I've got to get some work. I've *got* to!"

She rose, forcing herself to be brisk and energetic as she dressed. The *Journal*, with its advertisements of work, had come to her door with the glass of milk and the roll which formed her breakfast, and she had already made a selection of its more humble possibilities. She ran them over in her mind as she finished dressing. Two offices required typists; she would go to both of them. A cashier in a shop and an English governess were wanted. "Why shouldn't I be a governess?" said Annette. And, finally, somebody in the Rue St. Honoré required a young lady of good figure and pleasant manners for "reception." There were others, too; but it was upon these five that Annette decided to concentrate.

She put on her hat, took her money and her *Journal*, and turned to the door. A curious impulse checked her there, and she came back to the mirror that hung above her dressing-table.

"Let's have a look at you!" said Annette to the reflection that confronted her.

She stood, examining it seriously. It was, she thought, quite presentable—a trim, quiet figure of a girl who might reasonably ask work and wage; she could not find anything in it to account for those six weeks of refusals. She perked her chin and forced her face to look assured and spirited, watching the result.

"Ye-es," she said at last, and nodded to the reflection. "You'll have to do; but I wish—I wish you hadn't got that sort of doomed look. Good-by, old girl!"

At the foot of the stairs, in the open door of that room which was labeled the "bureau," where a bed and a bird-cage and a small of food kept company with the roll-top desk, stood the *patronne*, Madame Marbel.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle. Again a charming day!"

She was a large woman, grossly fleshy. Annette knew her for an artist in "extras," a vampire that had sucked her purse lean with deft overcharges, a creature without mercy or morals. But the daily irony of her greeting had the cordial inflection of a piece of distinguished politeness.

"Charming," agreed Annette. She produced the bill. "I may as well pay this now," she suggested.

Madame's chill and lively eyes were watching her face, estimating her solvency in the light of Madame's long experience of misfortune and despair. She shrugged a huge shoulder deprecatingly.

"There is no hurry," she said. She always said that. "Still, since Mademoiselle is here—"

Madame eased herself, panting, into the chair before the desk, revealing the great rounded expanse of her back with its row of straining buttons and lozenge-shaped revelations of underwear. With the businesslike deliberation of a person who transacts a serious affair with due seriousness, she spread the bill before her, smoothing it out with a practised wipe of the hand, took her rubber stamp from the saucer in which it lay, inked it on the pad, and—waited.

Annette had been watching her, fascinated by that great, methodical rhythm of movement; but at the pause she started, fished the required coins from the purse, and laid them at Madame's elbow.

"*Merci*, Mademoiselle," said Madame; and then, and not till then, the stamp descended upon the paper. A flick with a scratchy pen completed the receipt, and Madame turned to hand it to Annette with her weekly smile.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle. Thank you; good luck."

The mirthless smile discounted the words; the cold, avid eyes were busy and suspicious. But Annette had had six weeks of training in the art of preserving a cheerful countenance.

"Good morning, Madame," she smiled, with her gay little nod, and reached the door in good order.

THERE was still Aristide, the lame man-of-all-work, who absorbed a weekly franc and never concealed his contempt of the amount. He was waiting on the stops, leaning on a broom, and turned his rat's face on her, sourly and impatiently, without a word. She paused as she came to him, and dipped two fingers into the poor old purse.

"This is for you, Aristide," she said, and held out the coin.

He took it in his open palm and surveyed it with lifted eyebrows. "This?" he inquired.

"Yes."

The insult never failed to hurt her. This morning, in particular, she would have been glad to set forth upon the day's forlorn hope without that preface of hate and cruel greed. But Aristide still stood, with the coin in his open hand, staring from it to her, and she flinched from him.

"Good morning," she said timidly, and slipped past.

It needed the gladness of the day, its calm and colorful warmth, to take the taste of Aristide out of her mouth. Soon the stimulus of the thronged streets, the mere neighborhood of folk who moved briskly and with a purpose, restrung her slackened nerves, and she was again ready for the battle. And as she went her lips moved.

"Mind, now!" she was telling herself. "To-day's the end—the very end. You've got to get work to-day!"

The first address she went to turned out to be that of a firm of house and estate agents; it was upon the first floor, and showed to the landing four ground-glass doors, of which three were lettered "Private," while the fourth displayed an invitation to enter without knocking. Upon the landing, in the presence of those inexpressive doors behind which salaries were earned and paid and life was all that was orderly and desirable, Annette paused to make sure of herself.

"Now!" she said, with a deep breath, and pushed open the fourth door.

WITHIN was an office divided by a counter, and behind the counter desks and the various apparatus of business. The desks were unoccupied; the only person present was a thin, pretty girl seated before a typewriter. She looked up at Annette. Her face showed patches of too bright a red on the cheek-bones.

"Good morning," began Annette, with determined briskness. "I've come—"

The girl smiled. "Typist?"

"Yes," said Annette. "The advertisement—"

She stopped. The girl was still smiling, but in a manner of depressing and infinitely gentle regret. Annette stared at her, feeling within again that rising chill of disappointment with which she was already so familiar.

"You mean," she stammered—"you mean—you've got the place?"

The thin girl spread her hands apart in a little French gesture of conciliation.

"Ten minutes ago," she answered. "There is no one here yet but the manager, and I was waiting at the door when he arrived."

The sunlight without had lost some of its quality when Annette came forth to the street again; it no longer warmed her to optimism. She stood for some moments in the doorway of the building, letting her depression and discouragement have their way with her.

"If only I might cry a bit," she reflected. "That would help a little. But I mustn't even do that!"

She had to prod herself into fresh briskness with the sense of her need—that to-day was the end. She sighed, jerked her chin up, and set forth again in the direction of the second vacancy for a typist.

Here, for a while, hope burned high. The office was that of a firm of thriving wine exporters, and the post had not yet been filled. The partner into whose office she penetrated was a stout, ruddy Marseillais.

"Yes, we want a typist," he admitted; "but I'm afraid—" His amiable brown eyes scrutinized her with manifest doubt. "You have references?" he inquired.

Yes, Annette had references. She had lost her last situation only when her employer went bankrupt; the testimonial she produced spoke well of her in every sense. She gave it to him to read. But what—what was it in her that had inspired that look of doubt, that look she had seen so often before?

"Yes, it is very good." He handed the paper back to her, still surveying her and

hesitating. "And you are accustomed to the—machine? H'm!"

It was then that hope flared up strongly. He could not get out of it; he *must* employ her now. Salary? She would take what the firm offered! And still he continued to look at her with a hint of embarrassment in his regard. She felt also was trembling.

"I'm afraid," he began again, but stopped at her involuntary little gasp and shifted uneasily in his chair. He was acutely uncomfortable. An idea came to him and he brightened. "Well, you can leave your address and we will write to you. Yes, we will write to you."

"'I'm not complaining. But there's something wrong with me, isn't there? I saw how you looked at me.'"

And to-day was the end! Annette stared at him. "When?" she asked shortly.

"Oh, in a day or two," he answered uneasily.

Annette rose. She had turned pale, but she was quite calm and self-possessed.

"I—I hoped to get work to-day," she said. "In fact, I *must* find it to-day. But will you at least tell me *why* you won't give me the place?"

The man's cheery face began to frown.

"I'm not complaining," Annette said. Her voice was very low. "But there's something wrong with me, isn't there? I saw how you looked at me at first. Well, it wouldn't cost you anything, and it would help me a lot, if you'd just tell me what it is that's wrong. You see, nobody will have me, and it's getting rather—rather desperate. So, if you'd just tell me, perhaps I could alter something and have a chance at last."

Her serious eyes, the pallor of her face, and the level tones of her voice held him like a hand on his throat. How could he speak to her of the true reason for refusing her—the son in the business, the avid young debauchee whose victims were girls in the firm's employ?

"If you'd just tell me what it is, I wouldn't bother you any more, and it might make all the difference to me," Annette was saying.

She saw him redden and shift sharply in his chair.

"Mademoiselle!" He returned her look gravely and honestly. "Upon my word, I can see nothing whatever wrong with you—nothing whatever."

"Then," began Annette, "why—?"

He stopped her with an upraised hand.

"I am going to tell you," he said. "There is a rule in this office, and behind the rule are good and sufficient reasons, that we do not take into our employ women who are still young—and pretty."

She heard him with no change of her rigid countenance. She understood, of course. She had known in her time what it was to be persecuted. She would have liked to tell him that she was well able to take care of herself, but she recalled her promise not to bother him further. She sighed, buttoning her glove. "It's a pity," she said unhappily, "because—I really am a good typist."

"I am sure of it," he agreed.

She raised her head. "Well, thank you for telling me, at any rate," she said. "Good morning, Monsieur."

"Good morning, Mademoiselle," he replied, and held open the door for her.

AGAIN she stood a little while in the doorway, regarding the throng, every unit of it wearing the air of being bound toward some place where it was needed.

"I think," considered Annette, "that I ought to have some coffee or something, since it's the—last—day."

She looked down along the street. Not far away, the awning of a café showed red and white above the sidewalk, sheltering its row of little tables, and she walked slowly toward it. How often in the last six weeks, foot-sore and leaden-hearted, had she passed such places, feeling the invitation of their ease and refreshment in every jarred and crying nerve of her body, yet resenting it for the sake of the centimes it would cost!

She took a chair in the back row of seats, behind a small iron table, slackening her muscles, making the mere act of sitting down yield her her money's worth. A crop-headed German waiter brought the *café au lait* that she ordered, and set it on the table before her—two metal jugs, a cup and saucer, a little glass dish of sugar, and a folded napkin. The cost was half a franc; she gave him a franc, bade him keep the change, and was rewarded with half a smile, half a bow, and a "*Merci beaucoup, Mademoiselle!*"

She lifted the cup. "A short life and a merry one," she toasted herself before she drank the fragrant hot coffee.

Six francs remained to her, and there were yet three employers to visit.

IT was three hours later, toward two o'clock in the afternoon, that she came on foot, slowly, along the Rue St. Honoré, seeking the establishment that had proclaimed in the *Journal* its desire to employ, for purposes of "reception," a young lady of good figure and pleasant manners. She had discovered, at the cost of one of her remaining francs for omnibus fares, that a fifty-franc-a-month governess must possess certificates, that governessing is a skilled trade, overcrowded by women of the most various and remarkable talents. At the shop that advertised for a cashier, a floor-walker had glanced at her over his shoulder for an instant, snapped out that the place was filled, and walked away.

The name she sought appeared across the way, lettered upon a row of first-floor windows; it was a photographer's.

"Now!" said Annette. "The end—this is the end!"

A spacious landing, carpeted, and lit by the tall church windows of the staircase, great double doors with a brass plate, and a dim indoor sense pervading all the place. Here, evidently, the sharp corners of commerce were rounded off; its acolytes must be engaging female figures with affable manners.

Annette's finger on the bronze bell-push evoked a man-servant in livery, with a waistcoat of horizontal yellow and black stripes like a wasp, and a smooth, subtle, still face. He pulled open one wing of the door, and stood aside to let her pass in, gazing at her with demure eyes in whose veiled suggestion there was something satiric.

"There is an advertisement in the *Journal* for a young lady," she said. "I have come to apply for the post."

The smooth man-servant lowered his head in a nod that was just not a bow. "Yes," he said. "If Mademoiselle will be seated, I will inform the master."

The post was not filled, then! Annette sat down and looked round. It was here, evidently, that the function of "reception" was accomplished. The man-servant admitted the client; one rose from one's place at the little inlaid desk in the alcove, and rustled forward across the gleaming parquet to bid Monsieur or Madame welcome. One added oneself to the quality of the big, still apartment.

"I could do it," thought Annette. "I'm sure I could do it. I'd want shoes that didn't slide on the parquet; and then—ah, if only this rumor of!"

A SMALL noise behind her made her turn quickly. The door by which the footman had departed was concealed by a portière of heavy velvet; a hand had moved it aside and a face was looking round the edge of it at her. As she turned, the owner of it came into the room, and she rose.

"Be seated, be seated!" protested the newcomer in a high, emasculate voice; and she sat down again obediently.

"And you have come in consequence of the advertisement?" said the man, with a giggle. "Yes, yes! We will see, then!"

He stood in front of her, half way across the room, staring at her. He was a man somewhere in the later thirties, wearing the velvet jacket, the cascading neck-tie, the throat-revealing collar, and the over-long hair that the conventions of the theater have established as the livery of the artist. The details of this grotesque foppery presented themselves to Annette only vaguely; it was at the man himself, as he straddled in the middle of the polished floor, staring at her, that she gazed with a startled attention—the face like the feeble and idiot countenance of an old sheep, with the same flattened length of nose, and the same weakly demoniac touch in the curve and slack hang of the wide mouth. It was not that he was merely ugly or queer to the view: it seemed to Annette that she was suddenly in the presence of something monstrous.

She flushed and moved in her seat under his long scrutiny. The creature sighed.

"Yes," he said, always in the same high, dead voice. "You satisfy the eye, Mademoiselle. For me, that is already much, since it is as an artist that I consider you first. And your age?"

She told him. He asked further questions, of her previous employment, her nationality, and so forth, never removing his narrow eyes from her face. Then with sliding steps he came across the parquet and sat down beside her on the Empire settee.

Annette backed to the end of it and sat defensively on the edge, facing the strange being. He, crossing his thin legs, leaned with an arm extended along the back of the settee and his long, large-knuckled hand hanging limp. His sheep's face lay over on his shoulder toward her. In that proximity its quality of feeble grotesqueness was enhanced. It was like sitting in talk with a sick ape.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" quoted Annette to herself. "I ought to wake up next and find he really doesn't exist."

"Mademoiselle!" the creature began to speak again. "You are the ninth who has come hither to-day seeking the post I have advertised. Some I rejected because they failed to conciliate my eye; I can not, you will understand, be tormented by a presence that jars my sense."

He paused to hear her agree.

"And the others?" inquired Annette.

"A-ah!" The strange being sighed. "The others—In each case, what a disappointment! Girls—beautiful, of a personality subdued and harmonious, capable of taking their place in my environment without doing violence to its completeness, but lacking the plastic and responsive quality which the hand of the artist should find in his material. Resistant—they were resistant, Mademoiselle, every one of them."

"Silly of them," said Annette briefly. She was meeting the secret stare of his half closed eyes quite calmly now. "What was it they wouldn't do?" she inquired.

"Do!" The limp hand flapped despairingly; the thin voice ran shrill. "I required nothing of them. One enters. I view her; I seat myself at her side as I sit now with you; I seek in talk to explore her resources of sentiment, of temperament. Perhaps I take her hand—"

As if to illustrate the recital, his long hand dropped suddenly and seized hers. He ceased to talk, surveying her with a scared shrewdness.

Annette smiled, letting her hand lie where it was. She was not in the least afraid; she had forgotten, for the moment, the barrenness of the streets that awaited her outside and the fact that she had come to the end of her hopes.

"And they objected to that?" she inquired sweetly.

"Ah, but you—"

He was making ready to hitch along the seat, and she was prepared for him.

"Oh, I'd let you hold them both if that were all," she replied. "But—it isn't all, is it?"

She smiled at the perplexity in his face. His hands slackened and withdrew slowly.

"You haven't told me what salary you are offering?" she reminded him.

"Mademoiselle, you too?"

She nodded. "Me too," she answered, and rose.

Other failures had left her with a sense of defenselessness in a world so largely populated by men who glanced up from their desks to refuse her plea for work. But now she had resources of power over fate and circumstance. The streets, the night, the river, whatever the future held, could neither daunt nor compel her.

She went slowly down the wide stairs.

"Nine of us," she was thinking. "Nine girls, and not one of us was—what did he call it?—plastic. I'm not really alone in the world, after all."

But it was very like being alone in the world to go slowly, with tired feet, along the perspectives of the streets, to turn corners aimlessly, to wander on with no destination or purpose.

Her last turning brought her out to the arches of the Rue de Rivoli. Across the way, the trees of the Tuileries gardens lifted their greens to the afternoon sunlight. She hesitated, then crossed over.

There was yet money in the old purse, a single brutal five-franc piece.

"It's a case for riotous living," she told herself, as she passed in to the smooth paths beneath the trees. "Five francs' worth of real dinners, or something like that. Only—I'm not feeling very riotous."

THERE was a seat that she knew of farther on, overshadowed by a lime tree, where she meant to rest and put her thoughts in order. But already at the back of her mind there had risen, vague as night, oppressive as pain, tainting her disquiet with its presence, the hint of a consciousness that, after all, one does not starve to death—one takes a shorter way.

A lean youth with a black cotton cap pulled forward over one eye, who had been lurking near, saw the jerk with which she lifted her head as that black inspiration was clear to her, and the sudden coolness and courage of her face, and moved away uneasily.

"Ye-es," said Annette slowly. "Ye-es! And now—oh!"

A bend in the path had brought her suddenly to the seat under the lime tree. She was within a couple of paces of it before she perceived that it had already its occupant—the long figure of a young man sprawled back with his face upturned to the day and slumbering with all that disordered and unbeautiful abandon which goes with daylight sleep. His head had fallen over on one shoulder; his mouth was open; his hands, grimy and large, showed half shut in his lap. There was a staring patch of black sticking-plaster on one side of his chin. His clothes, that

Continued on page 13

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

People Who Could But Don't

THE purpose of this page of pictures is to glorify self-restraint. We have with us, first of all, a gentleman who needs no introduction. His fortune is so large that if Adam had begun counting it on the first day, and had counted steadily ten hours a day right straight down to the present, he would still have several hundred years' work ahead of him. This gentleman could, if he would, have all the porterhouse steaks in the United States bought, paid for, and served to him. Instead, he does what? Orders his cook to prepare three slices of toast well done, and three glasses of warm water. That is what is meant by self-restraint.

AND this gentleman, if he would, could ride on street-cars all day long—without spending a penny. He is Mr. Theodore Shonts, whose company owns most of the transportation lines in Greater New York, including, it is said, even the Fifth Avenue busses. But just because he *could* ride on street-cars all the time, does Mr. Shonts abandon himself to a wild orgy of trolleying? He does not. He rides sedately up and down town in his twelve automobiles. Let this be a lesson to you.

ADAM, you remember, just because he had an apple tree in his front yard, simply had to eat an apple. Mrs. Bluebeard, because she was forbidden to open one door in her house, simply had to open it: likewise Pandora with her celebrated box. But this gentleman has sold smokes successfully for many years without once sampling nicotine in any form—which shows that temptation can't tempt you unless you want to be tempted. On the signboard above his head you may read his name—Mr. Wise. Surely the moral is very plain.

ALL day long he stands watching lips that touch liquor; but no liquor ever touches his. Beer-barrels to left of him, beer-barrels to right of him volley and thunder: but he walks through the swinging doors at night as dry as one of Mr. Bryan's speeches. You may not know it, but it's a fact that many, many bartenders never touch a drop. "The stuff rots my shoe-leather, I notice," says this one; "and if it does that to shoe-leather, what must it do to stomachs?"

"CANDY?" she says contemptuously. "I hate it! I haven't touched a piece for five years, and I've been working here with a ton of it around me for five years and two months. The first week I thought I was in heaven: the boss let me eat all I wanted to. The second week I wasn't so keen. Now, if you buried me in candy, I think I would rather die than have to eat my way out." This young lady's name and address is withheld, lest she should receive a flood of proposals from men who could buy candy for a wife but won't.

AT the point where New York boils most fiercely, at the corner of Broadway and Seventh Avenue, sits an old woman whom the newsboys call "Mother." She has passed out millions of papers. She makes more people read in a week than Mr. Carnegie can in a month, with all his libraries. But war, murder, prime ministers, kings, and the love affairs of actresses are all the same to "Mother." She could read, but she doesn't. "I'm old," she says quietly; "I like to set in the sun and think. It ain't the first war, and it won't be the last. I guess God knows what He's doin'. Anyway, I'm old, and when you're old things don't seem to matter much."

'TIS said the wife of William Crane, the actor, likes to twit William about his tendency to thrift. "It is William's fondest hope," so she is quoted, "that he will live until Woolworth puts in a tailoring department." Well, here is Mr. Woolworth. Think what he could do if he wanted to—just go from one of his stores to another, ordering mouse-traps and egg-beaters and whatever he liked—and spend nothing but the day. But does he? No. He resists that impulse. He walks by his stores firmly and never steps inside. Instead he goes to his office, the only man in New York who has a carved table inlaid with silver to work on, and who sits in a real gold chair.

IT'S serious business, being a Salvation Army débutante. This one will never be able to say "darn" any more, or go to the matinée, or drink ice-cream soda, or wear picture hats. She can not marry outside the Army or without the consent of its governing board, and she mustn't even think of getting engaged until she has put in several years' active service under her blue bonnet.

THERE are débutants and débutantes, and here are two more. What the débutante in the center—she of the tulle and pearls—puts into an extra little skating lesson, it will take these two a month to spend for food and home and the movies. And they are good spenders, too. For they are young, just married, and belong to a race that never worries—no, sah.

"THANK you a thousand times," goes the new deb all perfectly darling." Then she scurries back t as her mother says.

Being a stage débutante isn't all roses and applaus one's footing by diligent attention to the three R's— —Rehearsals and Rest.

Début

Including Those Whose Pictures

ONE attains spiritual grown-upness—if one is a good Catholic—long before one is considered grown up in matters temporal: school and work, long dresses and the like. Children who have attended Sunday school and know their catechism and prayers, are early allowed to take over the spiritual responsibility that their god-parents assumed at their baptism. One's first-communion morning is of supreme religious importance, the outward signs of which are a crisp white frock, a veil, and a pretty new prayer book.

OUR big American front door is an "open door" to little foreign débutantes all right, but it is festooned about with a good deal of red tape. Folks who come to us from other nations must be able-bodied, have some means of support, and carry a small bit of cash in hand. If the immigrant is a young girl traveling alone, she is detained at Ellis Island until a relative or friend arrives to meet her or until some immigrant society takes her in charge.

A REGULATION débutante's worki both A. M. Breakfast in bed, a fitt maker's, a luncheon with débutante pal in the park, tea, another change into e and dancing. The most important thi dance cards and dance favors; yet she w "every one" is doing it and there is sh wedding early in her second season ge

"If you call girls who sell gas goods Avenue girls 'marriage girls,'" said C girls are all pretty much girls.

WHEN you are fourteen, if you have been educated as far as 4 A, and if your weight and height are up to standard, you can get your working papers. Then you may get a job dipping chocolates or packing boxes, and thus add $3 to the weekly family income. The Boards of Health of ten of our States look over youthful debutantes of labor and require birth certificates or other proof of age. Nineteen other States ask would-be wage-earners whether they are fourteen, but require no proof of age. The remaining States do not establish themselves about their working children.

VICTORIA of ENGLAND has one daughter not be heir. A England put up her hair on a Friday he received an May and decided not to take down again. Instead, curls or shampoos after lunch. Because of the war England's last Princess Anne had a courageous birth.

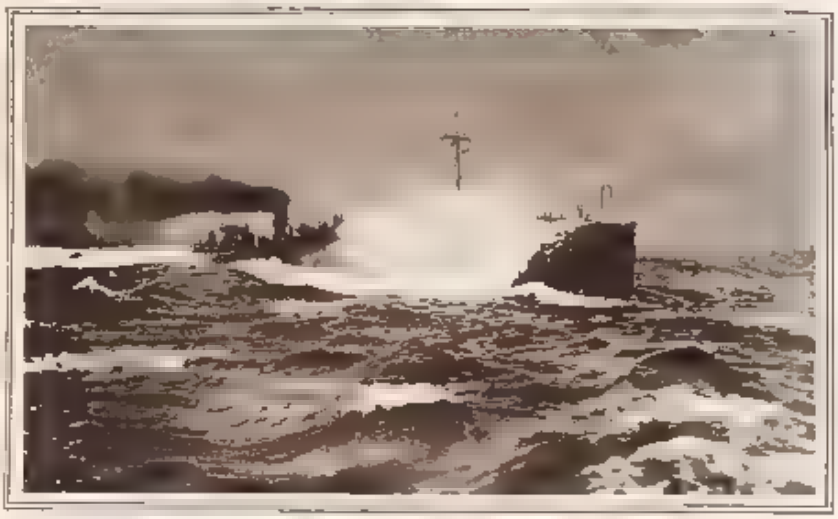
In lieu of parties Mary is now like all of other London p of seventeen, sewing shirts for soldiers and sailors. Last Christmas Mary sent every soldier and sailor in prisons, one for getting sweets for the prison inmates.

tantes

s Never Get On the Society Page

SOME young ladies of this age enter a finishing school on the Hudson, while others make their debut in life as, say, a milliner's apprentice. If they choose the latter course they are, to be sure, kept up in the open air a lot; but there are drawbacks, such as having to deliver "rush" hats to unsympathetic callers at twilight or later on run or aloof. And boots and clothes after a time, have a curious way of losing their original shortness and warmth.

WHAT are the young girls coming to these days?" says grandmother over her afternoon tea, with her raven-dyed cap bows all a-flutter. Put me in my grandmother. They are coming to New York and Chicago and Boston. With graduation essays, with note books full of poems, with canvases of landscapes or fashion designs, with family protests ringing in their ears and hope ringing still louder in their hearts, every day they arrive, carrying their own suitcases, would be captains or masters of their own souls.



MAN or man, these boys o' ours can hold their own with the marines of any other country in the world. To-day Admiral Dewey says they are superior in training, education, and physical development to those of any other navy. But we ought to have more of them. 50,000 marines and an army of 250,000, he says he says. Is that safe? England's army is 3,000,000 now. Germany's 4,000,000; France's 3,000,000; and Japan's 1,000,000. Ours is 90,000. One of our boys against ten Japs. It's too much. Pshaw! It's too much.

A CERTAIN miserly gentleman once engaged a famous artist to paint a picture of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea, and succeeded in beating the price down to a very low figure. When the picture was delivered, it showed nothing but a bunch of reds. "What's this?" asked the gentleman. "That's the Red Sea," said the artist. "Where are the children of Israel?" "Why, they've crossed over." "But where is Pharaoh's army?" "Why," said the artist, "it's under the sea." "This is a picture of a submarine, but you can't see it; it's under the sea. We have 76 submarines. Germany has twice as many at the beginning of the war, and claims to be able to build one a week.

YOU'VE heard the story of the Irish lad who was taking his examination for the police force in New York. The first question asked was, "How far is it from the Battery to the Bronx?" To which he replied, "I don't know, sir, I don't want that darned boat." Well, our torpedo-boats—of which the *Thornton* here is one—are as good as any in the world; but they have to patrol too long a beat. There are only 63 of them, and we have 4000 miles of coast-line. We've doubled our torpedo supply in the past three years and tripled our supply of mines; but we still need more boats like the *Thornton*. England has 85 and Germany 164.

AFTER all, the dreadnought is the king of the seas, and it's boys like these behind the big guns whom you will have to rely on to protect your wife and babies and eight rooms and no bath in trouble ever comes. Their shooting record is as good as that of any men afloat, and our new oil-burning *Nevada* is a better ship than England's proud *Queen Elizabeth*. These big fellows beat a pile of mines; but aiming tampered to the damage a couple of enemy's ships could do in half an hour in New York Harbor. Bang! there goes the Woolworth Building and—bang! there goes the Metropolitan Tower and—pop! goes Brooklyn Bridge. These are the lads to prevent anything like that. Let's have a few more of them.

Pictures copyrighted by Keystone Matter

Alms and the Man

Continued from page 9

were not decent showed stains here and there. The whole figure of him seemed suddenly to answer her question. *This* was what happened next. *This* was the end—unless one took that shorter way.

"They walk all they can, walk any longer, then they sleep on benches. I could never do *that!*"

She stood staring at the sleeping [illegible]

"No, it shan't escape to chat with [illegible]" she cried cowardly. "Lounging with my mouth open for any one to stare at! No!"

She turned to walk [illegible]

The old purse was in her hand. Through its flabby sides she could feel the five-franc piece. Somehow, that had to be disposed of. Five francs was a serious [illegible] to Annette. She looked round [illegible]

[illegible] ing quietly, she went back to him, taking the coin from her purse as she went. Upon his right side his coat pocket bulged open: she could see that in it was a little wad of folded papers. "His testimonials, poor fellow," she breathed tenderly. Carefully she leaned forward and let the precious coin slip into the pocket among the papers. Then with an end of a smile on her lips she turned again and departed. Among the trees, the man youth in the black cotton cap watched her go.

A DAY that culminates in a sleep upon a bench in a public place is commonly a day that has begun badly and [illegible] tained its character. In this case, it may be said to have begun soon after 9 [illegible] when young Raleigh, junior member of Raleigh & Son, stepped from a train and into the nearest drug store to have his chin cut in trying to shave on the train patched up with two inches of black court plaster. On the train the night before Raleigh had planned his days: he would arrive in Paris at eight-thirty, call at several business houses, and get back to the station at two for the Calais train. But, in the first place, the train was late, and from that moment his plans went wrong.

His first visit on the manager of a foundry did not have the results he had hoped for, and took too much of [illegible] precious time. The next was on some machine-tool people on the other side of Paris. Finding a little difficulty with some of the new steels, Raleigh went into the shop to demonstrate his idea, standing in the machine in his tweed clothes while the swift belting slatted at his elbow and fragments of shaved steel and a fine spray of oil welcomed him back to his trade. It was not till it was finished that he looked at his watch and realized that he had missed the two o'clock train.

He paid off his return cab in the Place de la Concorde, and stood doubtfully on the [illegible] watching it skate away into the traffic. His baggage had gone on by the two o'clock train: he was committed now to an afternoon in those ancient clothes with the oily stigma of the workshop upon them. His hands, too, were black from his work, and he had slept badly in the train, and done without a bath.

"I'll wander up to the Maurice and get a wash and brow," he decided, and turned [illegible] through the Tuileries gardens. He went slowly. It was pleasant among the trees, and when a seat offered itself he sank down into it, crossed one leg over the other, and his eyes closed ruefully.

THE touch that roused him was a very gentle one, the mere brush of a dexterous hand that slid as quickly as a shadow along the edge of his jacket pocket and groped into it with long, clever fingers.

Raleigh, waking without moving, watched the slim, white-faced youth with a black cotton cap shoulder forward [illegible] one eye. Then swiftly he caught the exploring hand by the wrist and sat up.

"You mistake," he said crisply, "there's nothing but old letters in that pocket."

The youth tried to wrench loose, but Raleigh gave a twisting jerk to the skinny wrist, and the struggle was over.

"Well," demanded Raleigh, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Monsieur!" "I meant no harm, but I was desperate. I have not eaten to-day." his eyes noted the amused contempt [illegible] his face, and he paused an [illegible] as a man taking aim. "And when I saw the lady slip the money into Monsieur's pocket while he slept, and reflected that he would never know he had lost [illegible]"

"Eh?" Raleigh sat up. "What lady?"

"It's not a minute ago," replied he [illegible], disregarding the whine. "See, she is perhaps not out of sight yet. If Monsieur will look along the path." She approached Monsieur confidently while he slept, and slipped the money into his pocket. Yes, Monsieur, that was the pocket."

He smiled as Raleigh plunged a hand into the pocket and drew out the [illegible]

"She is going out of the gate now, Monsieur," he said.

Raleigh turned. At the farther end of the path the woman pointed to him was close to the exit. He could see of her nothing save her back: that and a certain quality of carriage, a gait measured and deliberate. He threw a word to the thief.

"All right, you can go," he said, and [illegible] secret bestower of coins [illegible]" the outraged thief cried.

"And me? I got nothing, then?"

The serge-clad back was disappearing through the gate into the welter of sunlight without. Raleigh sprinted along the tree-shaded path. He picked up a view of the serge-clad back again, walking toward the bridge, hastened after it and slowed down to a new pace when he was still some ten yards behind.

"Why [illegible] a girl!"

Somehow he had counted upon finding an elderly woman, some charitable [illegible] centre who acquired merit by secret gifts. He saw, instead, a slim girl, neatly and quietly clad, whose profile, as she glanced across the parapet of the bridge, showed pearl-pale in the shadow of her hat, with a simple and almost childlike prettiness of feature. There was something else too, a quality of the whole which Raleigh had no words to describe. But he saw it nevertheless—a gravity, a character of sad and tragic composure, that took of defiance which is prouder than any victory.

"Something wrong," he said to himself vaguely, and continued to follow.

At the southern end of the bridge [illegible] turned her back to the sun and went east. She [illegible] her hurried nor slackened, but delivered a pace of hers. Raleigh keeping well behind his wife acutely at work, wondered what [illegible] reminded him of that slow trudge over the pavements. A little farther on an incident enlightened him.

She stopped for a [illegible] the parapet. He guessed the road to be out of sight in case she should look back. She had [illegible] carrying in her hand a purse, and now he saw her open it and apparently search its interior, but as if she knew already what to expect of it. Then she closed it and tossed it over the parapet into the river.

"Looks peaceful, doesn't it?" she heard somebody say. The girl's head rose with a jerk.

"Ah." He knew [illegible] what that slow, aimless [illegible] him. [illegible] Landlubber [illegible] or drove through the lighted streets, and saw here and there the figures of those homeless ones who walked—walked always, straying forward in a foot-sore ways, straying forward in a foot-sore progress till the night should be ripe for them to sit down in some corner. And there, dear shadow in her face, that now it shone, clear-shadow in her face, that now it shone, clear-cut and still drooping, her way of tight-lipped but still drooping; her way of looking at the river. His hand, to his pocket, closed over the five-franc piece that she had dropped there. He started first across the road, to accost her forthwith, but at that moment she moved on again, and once more he fell into step behind her.

There is a point, near the Ile de la Cité, where the Seine projects an elbow. The girl followed the elbow round, and stopped at the angle of it. She leaned her arms on the coping and gazed down at the quiet, still water below.

SHE was looking at it with such preoccupation that Raleigh was able to come close to her before he spoke. He then put an arm on the parapet at her side.

"Looks peaceful, doesn't it?" he said.

The girl's head rose with a jerk, and she stared at him startled. She failed to recognize in this tall young man the sprawling figure in the Tuileries gardens who are you?" she stammered.

[illegible]

"I'm afraid I startled you," he said. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have ventured to speak to you at all if you hadn't [illegible] He paused. "You don't happen to remember [illegible] at all?" he asked.

"No," said Annette. "I [illegible] what?" She slipped a hand into his pocket and drew forth the five-franc piece.

"I happened to fall asleep in the Tuileries gardens this afternoon," he said, "a dictor thing to do."

"Oh!" The color leaped [illegible] her face. "Was [illegible]

Raleigh nodded [illegible] moved away when a man who had been watching you tried to pick my pocket and woke me. He pointed you out."

Annette gazed at him in [illegible] perplexity. Now that he was on his feet, the condition of his clothes [illegible] a shrewd black patch on his chin [illegible] noticeable only as incongruities: there was nothing to suggest the pauper or the outcast in this big youth with the pleasant [illegible] tanned face [illegible] saw you sleeping on the bench, and I thought a little help, coming from nowhere like that—you'd be so surprised and glad when you found it," she sighed. "However I was wrong, I'm sorry."

"I'm not." Raleigh put the money back in his pocket swiftly. "It's the most [illegible] thing that ever happened to me. There was I, grumbling and soaking up interest all day, playing the fool and playing myself—and all the time you were moving somewhere within a mile or two, out of sight, but watching and saying, 'Yes, you're no good to anybody, but if the worst comes to the worst, you shan't starve. I'll save you from that.' I'll never part with that money."

Annette shook her head.

"I didn't say that," she said. "You weren't starving, and you don't understand. It doesn't matter anyhow."

"Please," said Raleigh. He saw that she wanted to get rid of him. "It [illegible] at any rate. But there is [illegible] thing I didn't understand."

She did not answer, gazing over her clasped hands at the [illegible]

"It was while I was following you here [illegible] that you were well unlucky in trouble [illegible] long. And then I saw you open [illegible] purse and throw it into the river."

There was a hole in it," said Annette shortly, without turning her head.

"But," he spoke very quietly. "You [illegible] trouble?" Yes, I know, an intruding [illegible] she had moved her shoulders [illegible] shadow of a right?" Your gift [illegible] it might have saved my life if I'd been what you thought. I might have fetished up in the Morgue before morning. I do, you know, every day women."

His fingers upon the parapet loosened and clasped again at that.

"You can't bind me with such an obligation as that and leave me *planté là*."

"Oh," Annette sighed. "If you want so much to know—I'm a typist. I'm out of work. I've been looking for it all day, and I'm disappointed and very tired."

"And that's really all?" he demanded.

"All." She turned to look at him at meeting his steady and penetrating [illegible] She had an impulse to tell [illegible] apprehension in that "all." [illegible] she protested, there [illegible] so in a sense that he knew—that the gray eyes in the red-brown face had read [illegible] of her than she was willing to show.

"Yes, that's all," she said.

He nodded a quick and businesslike [illegible] jerk of the head.

"I see. I've been worrying you, I'm afraid, but I'm glad I made you tell. Because I can put that all right for you in a minute, as it happens."

THE girl leaning on the wall drew in a harsh breath and turned to him. Young Raleigh, who had written a monograph on engineering stresses, had still much to learn about the stresses that contort and warp the souls of men and women. He learned some of it then, when he saw [illegible] deaden to a clanker white and the flame of a hungry hope leap into her eyes. He looked away quickly.

[illegible]

He brushed her with his brisk little nod.

"I mean I can find you a situation in a business office as a typist," he said [illegible] plenty. "Wasn't that what you wanted?"

"Yes, yes." She was trembling; he put one large grimy hand upon her sleeve to steady her. "Oh, please, where is the [illegible] I'll go there at once, before—"

[illegible] I don't know what they pay, but [illegible]

"Anything," moaned Annette—"I'll take anything!"

"Well, it's more than that," he smiled. "A typist with Raleigh & Son at her back mustn't be had every day of the week."

A taxicab drifted on to the quay. Raleigh beckoned with a long arm.

"And after we've fixed his code matter," suggested Raleigh, "don't you think we might go somewhere and feed? I can get a sketchy kind of wash at the office [illegible] you're talking to the manager, and I'm beginning to notice that I didn't have any lunch to-day."

"I didn't, either," said Annette, as the taxi slid to a standstill beside them. "But—oh! you don't know all you're doing for me. I'll never be able to thank you."

Raleigh opened the door of the cab for her. "You can try," he said. "I'm in Paris for three days every fortnight."

The taxicabs of Paris include in their number the best and the worst in the world. This was one of the latter, a moving musical-box of grinding and creaking noises. But Annette sank back upon its knobbly cushions luxuriously [illegible] across the sun-gilt river to the [illegible] jolted cliffs of Paris with [illegible] fatal confidence about their base.

Once On the Summer Range

By FRANCIS HILL

Illustration by Douglas Duer

H

the worst blunderers of the gang—an old scoundrel called Whiskey Flynn and a young fellow named Dook—are sent up into the foot-hills, along with Hainley and a Swede

gave a shout, with no intention of attracting her. Dook, Hainley and Ericsson follow them, and surprise them in the very act of firing the girl's cabin. They overpower the

young Lochinvar rides back to the main camp to explain the situation to Bull Dorgan, the manager, and then goes to the nearest town to stock up with guns and ammu-

tion when you run afoul of the nigger that way. Hutty Snodgrass with they figure. Ed Snowy a bunch o

body as big as a tomato-can where stones flew up and gouged into I guess."

The climatic picture, just as I had cried out to see it, made me sick to the finger-tips. But Ericsson responded to Bull's enough for two, and the

't get nobody."

"Sure you got some!" Ericsson gallantly protested. "Sure you did! Maybe you got Mickey. I did! I never spotted anything for dead certain. I bet you got Mickey and Jericho both!"

"We're packing the one remainder and the four invalids down on their ranchos a," said Dorgan. "But made a wide gesture. ll have to gather him

der the thing, hey?"

"Some hunter!"

Bull chewed his tobacco.

"We fasten a piece of one shoe jammed in among the rocks."

Squinting a sidewise squint at the ugly graying sky, the ranch boss his baggy overalls with a sna

"Hero! I got to be pulling my freight reason scrambled wildly a-co

"What!" he cried. "Coffee! I'll have her boiling in two flips."

But Dorgan couldn't on temptee

"Ten miles," he growled, "and a clu er of no-account squalling roustabouts to o hand through."

He flung a nod to Grandenning

"Better stop on at the ranch. Tek'll probably be riding out."

Without another word said. He grinded forward falling unkempt on corrugated rumps, he strode heavily away, disappearing down the path to the gulch-bottom. A renewed clash of noisy activity greeted his arrival down there. Then the grinding hoof-beats of many horses resounded. After that the fine, clean resurgence of the mountain stillness.

I might as well wind up this now. It's easy, in a material sense there was over any official county inve the death of the two crooks. I nothing of it. The one called "Judge" also died in Rainbow I believe, of the wound in his stomach. But nobody seemed to care—nobody took these diseased and floating sheep-camp outcasts seriously enough to bother whether they lived or died.

I SHALL always remember my girlhood century as we plowed free of the shadow of the timber that morning of the fight—I leading Crow by a more rope, she, still festal dress, riding behind me. All the lower sweep of gulch lay open before us, densely blanketed in six inches of sleety wh

"How cruel," she murmured. And then: "But how good, too. It will wash away the blood better than rain."

And for both of us, as we stared down the unfamiliar vista, that melting hail did then and there blot out some evil-smelling part of the night behind u

In the days that followed I think I was a faithful enough herder. Only, all the while I herded, I was breathing, not the woolly stench of sheep, but the divine air of romance. On the range, in my hut, by sun and stars, in stillness, among the winds and gigantic scales of thunder that reconfiguring spirit abided with me. Beauty dwelt everywhere in life. herby yellowing earth warmed and ca roused. The icy mountain water laved with a new, delicious thrill. The sky of summer profoundest high and bright sapphire during the day, impenetrable

WHOE had the devils gone? What were they up to now? Crawling through the blind tangle of dead and living branches, peering, feeling, exploring with every sense, I hunted the edge. Soon I had it.

About midway between our little green jewel of a park and the lower valley edge of the timber lay a deep, rocky hollow. It abutted almost, to a natural razor-back or gully up the main eastern wall of the gulch, only it was so shallow everywhere a mere indented line, except at the one point. And here, relatively protected and hidden, in this one steep-sided, cowbell cavity, higher up the mounta wore, yet not above five hundred yards from our stronghold, here the whole precious tribe of raiders had b

Dook, Flynn, Jericho, "Judge" Samuels, Nigger Bill Jackson, Hutty Hare-lip, Ed Snowy, Dutch Klem Spaw-n Laggerty, the very pick and choice of the Swallowfork lot. They'd built themselves a small fire, and were closely cooped in about it.

One smoky blot of detail in the striking chiaroscuro of the picture caught and held my eyes—held me as did none of the living things. It was the body of Mickey Devine. Also I observed that Jericho had his left arm in a rude sling. We might have done worse with the six-gooses.

THEN, between two bats of an eyelash, quick as a nest of divers, they'd all scattered spring away, leaving Nigger Bill Jackson alone in the middle of the light. I shook with excitement. What was it? There'd been no warning—nothing that I could hear. And why hadn't the yellow devil united with the rest? He stood, clutching a one-hand what looked to be a short round stick, in the other a long piece of heavy string.

"Slucks," he yelled, "you-all sure would make a bunch of high-grade quarta-miners!"

I listened, open-mouthed.

"What the blazes do we know about and your cursed tying nigger crud?" snarled Jericho who, wingless arm and all, was probably the most formidable there.

"Ain't I done been *telling* you?" the cook retorted. "Ain't I just come straight from the mines—stodging with a drill as much as anything else? Didn't I steal this here very stuff out of the Lightning Load's tool-house? Ain't she big medicine? Don't I savvy her like I savvy sawdust?"

I smiled.

"No sirree," proudly went on that man-wrecking wit. She fuse. "This d blast won't go off none till put her off. Then I reckon she'll go off plenty."

"And what'll she do when she goes off?"

She'll blow that cabin and them fancy dude jokers so far.

He was working feverishly away with his dynamite and fuse in the brightest of the fire-shine. I edged farther down into the bowl, pushing and nursing my cocked Winchester breathlessly before me. At last I could manage to squint through the sights.

I didn't hold on Nigger Bill. My Winchester rested solidly across the thinly rimmed top of a rock. After a painfully long dead, drawn as fine on the fat stick of dynamite as I could draw it, I pulled trigger. Then, in a continuation of the same movement, I grabbed up the rifle and tried to run. But the explosion was too near, too splintering.

I closed my eyes—I didn't want to see. A frightful general impression of the dam and roar I couldn't escape, naturally. After that, though—I don't think there was much fire-

caught

steadied a rifle underfoot, the violent knock-down reverberations died out of the close gully air, you understand—that first instant I staggered up and took to my heels. Crazy, frightened yells resounded behind me in the dark ledge and stone rattling down like hail about my ears. I couldn't tell whether I was being chased or not. Bearings completely gone, I floundered desperately. When in a minute or so I'd really found myself, I legged it for the park as hot as I knew how. Soon I was dashing full speed across our little plot of open, with strong hands eagerly reached out to drag me into the safe harbor of the stockade. Home!

Inside there, Elvira, hands tightly clasped, hung voicelessly back from the others. Maggie, on the contrary, frisked and spoke to me abundantly with her beautiful eloquent dark eyes. As for Shadowning, they did questions. "What where? Who was it? Had it been a log of

the mountains?" Had I been

anxiety in the hollow over and over again.

SOON we were standing with Bull our all-night fire. Leading his crew of Swallowfork regulars, the grim Dorgan

siege ought at a charge. Or, rather, it

wearing could

close together, hands caught in hands.

A ROUGH hail from out among the trees broke into that long moment. I'd certainly heard that brutal

pinch. Bull, I could see, treated his pre-

approval—almost with respect.

Now, for instance, good-humor scratching a hairy ear he—the future

most simultaneous barrels answered him.

For one reason or another—God knows

From all sides, an uncertain, irregular scattering of bullets began to pour in.

"Four in hobbles!" (He meant crippled, of course.) Which four? Jericho

For the greater part of our waking hours we were together

our waking hours we were together. As he had work to do, her every wish was to help him. Her eagerness brought her great credit and across in the valley the grandparents of Fishtown knew for a good drink. We always had a number of pickle of passenger brook trout to be gulch. But it dwindled now. My army of sheep could scarcely be fed into my head. The nearest point of civilization was Pap Bailey's—perhaps we should starve to death. We would feed slowly along as it was, shy much.

THUS long sunny hours, glorious idle among the sage, did things and my girl—named for pallid ebooks, made her vigorous, buoyant—so nearly wild-spirited. Some days she lost her range of caprice and wantonness and her knowledge by sheer joy into play and wholesome hunt or exercise. We all ran swam ran off my head with her. Fire into last we drew a thick log wounds never ugly her in the great golden girl-crowned goddess of the west. And sometimes I'm the cry itself of such perfect flower of life blossoming under me into

In a sense we loved. Look we had a war Nicole to bolster gray and fragrant she would be the first inside into dew but we [illegible] there. We loved her be open eyes ex

Well, a week, two weeks, three weeks of the old heaven on. More in more interested only our Saskatchewan friends and [illegible] wife to know and

[illegible] dress for meeting were of a popular dark brown more [illegible] gulch. Ericsson's failed blue eyes on me became fixed and sorry upon my brow. Frank and I were frankly betrothed. He understood that. He understood it—fine, equal with-drag we hunt camp to [illegible] satisfies. I had a ring—why shouldn't we be married?

ERICSSON had his own proper notions about weddings. So we packed him up on old Crow and sent him out in the work. A dig his somebody who would come here and [illegible] he used to explain his [illegible] or [illegible] or [illegible] the

"The pr [illegible] Bible off to hear [illegible] blame son-of-a-gun I could get to [illegible]

[illegible] Elsie and [illegible] hear understand, if his man had been an Indian or a Chink. Anything would [illegible] stickler the camp Mrs. Grundy. He [illegible] there blinking and swallowing [illegible] yelled. "Are we to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony by a greasy gambling saw-puncher?"

"Riding Bible's a kind of a preacher," mumbled Ericsson [illegible] here a town. He does a [illegible] or [illegible] or [illegible] the

[illegible] Bible's in bronc [illegible] soon forgot. Nobody but fanatics really cared [illegible] the wilds, and [illegible] covered.

"We must make it very brief," Elsie [illegible] as—" She turned her intent, sun-adoring blue-black eyes upward, pondered [illegible] think down is the loveliest of all."

So the evening passed and the night, and morning came. Well before daylight I met Elsie at the foot of the path from her park. A [illegible] kissed her [illegible] but not [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

What About the $25-a-Week Man?

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

Illustrations by Jessie Gillespie

IN Chicago there is a very large industrial company that marks its clerical employees in just the same way as a schoolteacher marks her pupils. They are graded according to their abilities and efficiency. Each month a report is made by the head of each department. Many of them will be interesting to men who are now drawing a certain salary and who want to know what chance they have of getting more.

Quite recently I made my way through a maze of workers until I got to the side of the man who presided over the destinies of all the employees. I wanted to know what chance I had to get more money. I was not bashful, but I was nervous. I felt that I was about to ask for a favor, and I was not sure that I would get it. I was not sure that I deserved it. I was not sure that I could do the work. I was not sure that I would like it. I was not sure that I would be happy. I was not sure that I would be successful. I was not sure that I would be able to support my family. I was not sure that I would be able to pay my debts. I was not sure that I would be able to save any money. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a house. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a car. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a boat. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a plane. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a helicopter. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a submarine. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a rocket ship. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a time machine. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a teleportation device. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a matter replicator. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a holodeck. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a warp drive. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a dilithium crystal. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a tricorder. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a phaser. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a photon torpedo. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a cloaking device. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a tractor beam. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a shield generator. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a deflector dish. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a warp core. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a dilithium chamber. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a matter/antimatter reactor. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a subspace communications array. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a navigational deflector. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a sensor array. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a long-range sensor. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a short-range sensor. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a medical tricorder. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a science tricorder. I was not sure that I would be able to buy an engineering tricorder. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a tactical tricorder. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a command tricorder. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal translator. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal remote. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal gravity well projector. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal tractor beam. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal deflector dish. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal shield generator. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal phaser. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal photon torpedo. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal cloaking device. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal tractor beam. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal deflector dish. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal shield generator. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal phaser. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal photon torpedo. I was not sure that I would be able to buy a universal cloaking device.

This Man Knew His Job

THE office manager of a large wholesale house—he is not an ordinary type of man who would interest you at all—has a way of keeping a card record of each employee. On this card he makes a note of the man's every mistake, and also of his every success. Every month he goes over the cards and rates the men according to their value to the house.

Each month he promotes the man who has the highest record, and each month he discharges the man who has the lowest record. Of course, he does not discharge a man for a single mistake, but he does discharge the man who consistently makes more mistakes than the average man in his department.

Every man knows exactly where he stands. He knows that he is being watched, and that his every move is being recorded. He knows that he will be promoted if he does his work well, and that he will be discharged if he does not do it well.

The office manager is not a genius. He is not a man of great ability. He is not a man of great vision. He is not a man of great imagination. He is not a man of great courage. He is not a man of great strength. He is not a man of great endurance. He is not a man of great patience. He is not a man of great tact. He is not a man of great diplomacy. He is not a man of great judgment. He is not a man of great wisdom. He is not a man of great knowledge. He is not a man of great experience. He is not a man of great skill. He is not a man of great ability. He is not a man of great talent. He is not a man of great genius.

He is just a man who knows his job.

It took my breath away when I saw the figures. I felt sick at first—and then I felt glad. I had earned it, and I knew I could earn more.

Opportunities for Conscientious Workers

THE big thing for the man who draws a dollar and a half a day or more and for the man who draws a hundred dollars a week is that he gets his job more or less permanently. He is not subject to the whims of executives. He is not subject to the whims of employers. He is not subject to the whims of anybody. He is not subject to the whims of anything. He is not subject to the whims of anything but himself. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own conscience. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of duty. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of right and wrong. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of justice. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of fairness. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of honesty. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of integrity. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of character. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of manhood. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of womanhood. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of humanity. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of brotherhood. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of fellowship. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of love. He is not subject to the whims of anything but his own sense of God.

He is just a man who knows his job.

He Had Ideas About Life as Well

"NOW I had got a start in the office. I had a job. I had a salary. I had a position. I had a future. I had a chance. I had a hope. I had a dream. I had a goal. I had a purpose. I had a reason. I had a cause. I had a mission. I had a calling. I had a vocation. I had a profession. I had a trade. I had a craft. I had a skill. I had an art. I had a science. I had a knowledge. I had a wisdom. I had an understanding. I had a judgment. I had a discernment. I had a perception. I had an insight. I had a vision. I had a foresight. I had a hindsight. I had a memory. I had a conscience. I had a soul. I had a heart. I had a mind. I had a body. I had a life. I had a world. I had a universe. I had a God.

I had everything.

Some Self-Educated Men

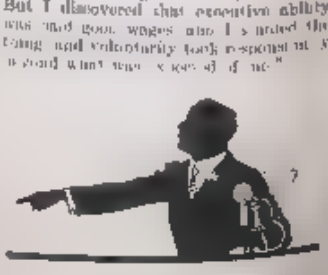
I WISH I had time to tell you more about the men who have risen from the ranks of office boys and clerks to positions of responsibility and power. They are to be found in every large business. They are the men who have made the most of their opportunities. They are the men who have studied their work and mastered it. They are the men who have kept their eyes open and their minds alert. They are the men who have been ready when the chance came. They are the men who have seized the opportunity and made the most of it. They are the men who have risen to the top.

I know a man who started as a boy in the mailing department of a large manufacturing concern. He was not content to remain a boy. He studied the business. He learned every detail of it. He mastered every process. He became indispensable. He was promoted to the position of assistant to the manager of the mailing department. He is now the manager of the entire department. He has a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. He is only thirty-five years old. He has a wife and two children. He owns his own home. He has a bank account. He has a life insurance policy. He has a good reputation. He has a clear conscience. He has a happy family. He has a comfortable home. He has a pleasant life. He has a useful life. He has a successful life. He has a life worth living.

I know a man who started as a boy in the shipping department of a wholesale grocery house. He was not content to remain a boy. He studied the business. He learned every detail of it. He mastered every process. He became indispensable. He was promoted to the position of assistant to the manager of the shipping department. He is now the manager of the entire department. He has a salary of eight thousand dollars a year. He is only thirty-two years old. He has a wife and one child. He owns his own home. He has a bank account. He has a life insurance policy. He has a good reputation. He has a clear conscience. He has a happy family. He has a comfortable home. He has a pleasant life. He has a useful life. He has a successful life. He has a life worth living.

I know a man who started as a boy in the office of a large publishing house. He was not content to remain a boy. He studied the business. He learned every detail of it. He mastered every process. He became indispensable. He was promoted to the position of assistant to the manager of the publishing department. He is now the manager of the entire department. He has a salary of seven thousand dollars a year. He is only thirty-four years old. He has a wife and three children. He owns his own home. He has a bank account. He has a life insurance policy. He has a good reputation. He has a clear conscience. He has a happy family. He has a comfortable home. He has a pleasant life. He has a useful life. He has a successful life. He has a life worth living.

I could tell you of many more men who have risen from the ranks of office boys and clerks to positions of responsibility and power. They are to be found in every large business. They are the men who have made the most of their opportunities. They are the men who have studied their work and mastered it. They are the men who have kept their eyes open and their minds alert. They are the men who have been ready when the chance came. They are the men who have seized the opportunity and made the most of it. They are the men who have risen to the top.



The Wall Street Girl

Continued from page 5

had not yet breakfasted. Having neglected to send any provisions to the house, Nora, acting upon his orders of the day before, had not prepared anything for him—there was nothing to prepare.

However, whether he ate breakfast or not was a detail. That is to say, it was a detail when he left the house; but now, after the brisk walk to the club in the snapping cold air, it had grown in importance. Watson, on his way into the dining-room, passed him.

"Join me?" he asked, waving a greeting with the morning paper.

"Thanks," answered Don. "Guess I'll wait a bit."

Watson went on.

Don returned to a consideration of Barton's proposal. He was forced to admit that the old lawyer had an irritating knack of ignoring all incidental issues and stripping a problem to a statement of irrefutable fact. It was undeniable, for example, that what Don might desire in the way of salary did not affect the truth of Barton's contention that twelve hundred dollars was a great deal more than nothing. With a roof over his head assured him, it was possible that, with economy, he might be able at least to keep alive on this salary. That, of course, was a matter to be considered. As for Frances, she was at present well provided for and need not be in the slightest affected by the smallness of his income. Then, there was the possibility of a rapid advance. He had no idea how these things were arranged, but his limited observation was to the effect that his friends who went into business invariably had all the money they needed, and that most of his older acquaintances—friends of his father—were presidents and vice-presidents with unlimited bank accounts. Considering these facts, Don grew decidedly optimistic.

In the meanwhile his hunger continued to press him. His body, like a greedy child, demanded food. Watson came out and, lighting a fresh cigarette, sank down comfortably into a chair next him.

"What's the matter, Don—off your feed?" he inquired casually.

"Something of the sort," nodded Don.

"Party last night?"

"No; guess I haven't been getting enough exercise enough."

He rose. Somehow, Watson bored him this morning.

"I'm going to take a hike down the Avenue. S'long."

Don secured his hat, gloves, and stick, and started from the club at a brisk clip.

FROM Forty-fourth Street to the Twenties was as familiar a path as any in his life. He had traversed it probably a thousand times. Yet, this morning it suddenly became almost as strange as some street in Kansas City or San Francisco.

There were three reasons for this, any one of which would have accounted for the phenomenon: he was on his way to secure a job; he had in his pocket just thirteen cents; and he was hungry.

The stores before which he always stopped for a leisurely inspection of their contents took on a different air this morning. Quite automatically he paused before one and another of them and inspected the day's display of cravats and waistcoats. But, with only thirteen cents in his pocket, a new element entered into his consideration of these things—the element of cost. It was at the florist's that his situation was brought home to him even more keenly. Frances liked flowers, and she liked to receive them from him. And here were roses that looked as if they had been plucked for her. But they were behind a big plate-glass window. He had never noted before that, besides being transparent, plate-glass was also thick and hard. And he was hungry. The fact continually intruded itself.

At last he reached the address that Barnes had given him. "Carter, Rand & Seagraves, Investment Securities," read the inscription on the window. He passed through the revolving doors and entered the office.

A boy in buttons approached and took his card.

"Mr. Carter, Mr. Rand, or Mr. Seagraves," said Don.

The boy was soon back.

"Mr. Farnsworth will see you in a few minutes," he reported.

"Farnsworth?" inquired Don.

"He's the gent what sees every one," explained the boy. "Ticker's over there."

He pointed to a small machine upon a stand, which was slowly unfurling from its mouth a long strip of paper such as prestidigitators produce from silk hats. Don crossed to it, and studied the strip with interest. It was spattered with cryptic letters and figures, much like those he had learned to use indifferently well in a freshman course in chemistry. The only ones he recalled just then were H_2O and CO_2, and he amused himself by watching to see if they turned up.

"Mr. Pendleton?"

Don turned to find a middle-aged gentleman standing before him with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Barton wrote to us about you," Farnsworth continued briskly. "I believe he said you had no business experience."

"No," admitted Don.

"Harvard man?"

Don named his class.

"Your father was well known to us. We are willing to take you on for a few months, if you wish to try the work. Of course, until you learn something of the business you won't be of much value; but if you'd like to start at—say twenty-five dollars a week—why, we'd be glad to have you."

AT the beginning Don had a vague notion of estimating his value at considerably more; but Mr. Farnsworth was so decided, it did not seem worth while. At that moment, also, he was reminded again that he had not yet breakfasted.

"Thanks," he replied. "When shall I begin?"

"Whenever you wish. If you haven't anything on to-day, you might come in now, meet some of the men, and get your bearings."

"All right," assented Don.

Within the next five minutes Farnsworth had introduced him to Blake and Manson and Wheaton and Powers and Jennings and Chandler. Also to Miss Winthrop, a very busy stenographer. Then he left him in a chair by Powers' desk. Powers was dictating to Miss Winthrop, and Don became engrossed in watching the nimbleness of her fingers.

At the end of his dictation, Powers excused himself and went out, leaving Don alone with Miss Winthrop. For a moment he felt a bit uncomfortable; he was not quite sure what the etiquette of a business office demanded in a situation of this sort. Soon, however, he realized that the question was solving itself by the fact that Miss Winthrop was apparently oblivious to his presence. If he figured in her consciousness any more than one of the office chairs, she gave no indication of it. She was transcribing from her note-book to the typewriter, and her fingers moved with marvelous dexterity and sureness. There was a sureness about every other movement, as when she slipped in a new sheet of paper or addressed an envelop or raised her head. There was a surmise in her eyes. He found himself quite unexpectedly staring into them once, and they didn't waver, although he was not quite certain, even then, that they saw him. They were brown eyes, honest and direct, above a good nose and a mouth that, while retaining its girlish mobility, also revealed an unexpected trace of almost manlike firmness. It was a face that interested him, but, before he was able to determine in just what way, she finished her last letter and, rising abruptly, disappeared into a rear room. Presently she emerged, wearing a hat and coat.

It was, on the whole, a very becoming hat and a very becoming coat, though it would not have suited at all the critical taste of Francis Stuyvesant. But it had not been designed for that purpose.

Miss Winthrop paused to readjust a pin and the angle of her hat. Then she took a swift glance about the office.

"I guess the boys must have gone," she said to Don. "This is the lunch hour."

Don rose.

"Thank you for letting me know," he replied cordially.

"Most of them get back at one," she informed him.

"Then you think I may go out until then?"

"I don't see why not. But I'd be back at one sharp if I were you."

"Thanks. I will."

DON gave her an opportunity to go out the door and disappear before he himself followed. He had a notion that she could have told him, had he asked, where in this neighborhood it was possible to get the most food for the least money. He had a notion, also, that such a question would not have shocked her. It was difficult to say by just what process he reached this conclusion, but he felt quite sure of it.

Don was now firmly determined to invest a portion of his thirteen cents in something to eat. It had no longer become a matter of volition, but an acute necessity. For twenty minutes he wandered about rather aimlessly; then, in a sort of alley, he found a dairy lunch where in plain figures coffee was offered at five cents a cup, and egg sandwiches at the same price. It was well filled, but he was fortunate in slipping into a chair against the wall just as a man was slipping out. It was a chair where one broad arm served as a table. Next to him sat a young woman in a black hat, munching a chocolate éclair. She looked up as he sat down, and frowned. Don rose at once.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't know you were here. Honest I didn't."

"Well, it's a public lunch, isn't it?" she inquired. "I'm almost through."

"Then you don't mind if I stay?"

"It's no business of mine," she answered curtly.

"But I don't want you to think I—I'm intruding."

She glanced at him again.

"Let's forget it," she decided. "But you might sit there all day and you wouldn't get anything to eat."

He looked around, uncertain as to just what she meant.

"You go to the counter, pick out what you want, and bring it back here," she explained. "I'll hold your seat for you."

Don made his way into the crowd at the rear. At the counter he found he had for ten cents a wide choice; but her éclair had looked so good he selected one of those and a cup of coffee. In returning he lost a portion of the coffee, but he brought the éclair through safely. He deposited it on the arm of the chair and sat down. In spite of his utmost effort at self-control, that éclair made just four mouthfuls. It seemed to him that he had no more than picked up his fork than it was gone. However, he still had his coffee, and he settled back to enjoy that in a more temperate fashion.

Without apparently taking the slightest interest in him, Miss Winthrop observed the rapidity with which he concluded his lunch. She knew something about being hungry, and if she was any judge that tidbit produced no more impression upon this six-foot man than a peanut on an elephant.

"That all you're going to eat?" she demanded.

Don was startled. The question was both unexpected and pointed. He met her eyes—brown eyes and very direct. The conventional explanation that he had ready about not caring for much in the middle of the day seemed scarcely worth while.

"Yes," he answered.

"Broke?" she inquired.

He nodded.

"Then you ought to have had an egg sandwich instead of one of those things," she informed him.

"But the one you had looked so good," he smiled.

"I had an egg sandwich to start with; this was dessert."

"I didn't know," he apologized.

"You ought to get one now. You won't last until night on just that."

"How much are they?" he inquired.

"A nickel."

"Then I guess I won't have one."

"Haven't you five cents?" she cross-examined.

"Only three cents," he answered.

"And you begin work to-day?"

"Yes."

"It's only Tuesday, and you won't get paid until Saturday."

"So?"

"Do you expect to make that éclair go until then?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," he answered uneasily.

"You don't look as if you would," she said. "You are new to this, aren't you?"

"Yes."

He did not resent her questioning; and it did not occur to him to give her an evasive reply.

"Just out of college?"

"Last fall."

"What you been doing since then?"

"Why, nothing," he admitted. "You see, my father died only last month, and—"

"Oh, I see," she said more gently. "That's hard luck."

"It makes a good deal of a difference," he said.

"I know."

It had made a difference in her life when her father died.

She turned to her éclair; but, as she was raising the fork to her lips, she caught his eyes and put it down again.

"Look here," she said, "you must eat something. You can't get along without food. I've tried it."

"You!" he exclaimed.

"Indeed, yes."

"Dieting?"

"Hardly," she replied grimly.

He had heard of men going perfectly without food, but he did not remember ever having heard of a woman in that predicament. Certainly he had never before met one.

"You mean that you've gone broke, too?"

"Why, certainly," she answered. "The first I was with first went broke, and it was a couple of months before I found another position. But that's over now. What I want to know is what *you're* going to do until Saturday."

"Oh, I'll worry along," he answered confidently.

She shook her head.

"Worry won't carry you along."

SHE hesitated a moment, and then said impulsively:

"Now, look here—don't get peeved at what I'm going to say, will you?"

"I don't believe it's possible to get peeved with you," he declared.

She frowned.

"Well, let it go at that. What I want to do is to lend you a couple of dollars until Saturday. It isn't much, but—"

Don caught his breath. "You—"

She did not give him time to finish. From somewhere she produced a two-dollar bill and slipped it into his hand.

"Take this and get an egg sandwich right now."

"But look here—"

"Don't talk. Go get a sandwich."

He seemed to have no alternative; but when he came back with it she had disappeared.

He sat down, but he could not understand why she should have gone like that. He missed her—missed her more than he would have thought possible, considering that he had met her only some two hours before. Without her this place seemed empty and foreign. Without her he felt uneasy here. He hurried through his sandwich and went out—anxious to get back to her.

To be continued next week

Oil Is King!

¶ The tide has turned in the trend of Oil events. Students of the situation voice the opinion that the Oils are in practically the same relative market position now as were the War Stocks last January.

¶ The sharp advances in crude and refined oil markets surely foretells a repetition of the period of high prices obtaining in 1913.

¶ In thinking of Oil investments, one naturally thinks of the

STANDARD OILS

¶ So we have prepared an Oil Special, which will be sent free upon request. Ask for 7-E, including booklet explaining

"The Twenty Payment Plan."

SLATTERY & CO.
Investment Securities
(Established 1898)
40 Exchange Place New York

You Can Earn $250 A MONTH with This NEW MACHINE

Make $1,500 a year and more to start. You need no experience. Open a Tire Repair Shop with Haywood Equipment. Let the money roll in. Business grows fast. Low price and small investment. Every auto sold means more tires to mend. Demand for your work ahead of supply.

SEND FOR BIG FREE BOOK

This gives all the facts. Tells how to start. How to succeed. A valuable guide to riders and wealth. Write today. A postal will do. Get your FREE copy.

HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT COMPANY
915 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents we have obtained. Patents advertised for sale at our expense.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attys
Est. 20 Years. 1062 F. St. Washington, D. C.

Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profits. Type, cards, samples. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Your advertisement inserted in the classified columns of

EVERY WEEK and THE ASSOCIATED MAGAZINES

will prove a profitable investment

Combination Rate, $3.00 Per Line

95 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
109 NORTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

FLORIDA FARM LANDS

A WINTER FARM on South Florida's attractive East Coast. An independent income from a small cultivated area in the heart of Nature's most genial fruit and vegetable growing district. All the early vegetables marketed at highest prices, sure in growth. Oranges, grapefruit, pineapples, lettuce, tomatoes, strawberries, etc., ripening under a winter sun, being its returns. Three and four crops on same land each year—growing season 340 days. Beautiful, prosperous little cities with every advantage. Homeseekers, people farmers from all parts of United States. Delightful winter schools, ideal conditions year round. Our 64 page book of facts and photos mailed free. Ask J. A. Pride, Gen. Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Box 300, Norfolk, Va.

CORPORATIONS

INCORPORATE YOUR business for $26 in ARIZONA. Laws, ... Arizona.

MALE HELP WANTED

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: USE OUR CAPITAL—JUMP INTO BIG, permanent business. New automatic fuel saver—$30 saving on furnace—saves all fuel—exclusive territory. Atlantic Manufacturing Co., 2300 Cleveland Building, Chicago.

AGENTS—$90 PER WEEK PROFIT. FREE SAMples. Gold Sign Letters for stores and office windows. Anyone can put on. Big demand. Liberal offer to agents. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 410 N. Clark Street, Chicago.

PLAYER PIANO ROLLS

BUY YOUR MUSIC ROLLS DIRECT from manufacturer, at factory prices, 6c. discount. Save from 25c to $2.50 on every roll. Latest songs, 20c each. Prices and catalog free. Auto Mfg. Co., 1005 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Materials, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments, Make-up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 15, Chicago.

BUILDING MATERIAL

USE FIRE-PROOF HERCULES PLASTER BOARD instead of laths and plaster; $2.50 per hundred square feet; write for sample. Hercules Plaster Board Company, Box 501, Hampton, Virginia.

They Did It All Alone

He Built This House

You can't see the big esplanade on this house which Sam Siggins built, but you can get an idea of the job he has been working on for seventeen years. When it is finished his sweetheart will marry him.

"FROM plans to plumbing, this domicile is mine. I did it with my own hands," is the boast of Sam Siggins, a carriage-maker in Washington, D. C. For seventeen years he has toiled at the building of a house that would be worthy of the bride who is still waiting its completion, and no man has helped him with his task. Today, not quite finished, the house is worth fifteen thousand dollars; yet all the materials were hewn from the hillside or purchased from the savings earned in the carriage shop.

Since the time when Siggins first conceived the idea of building, all of his spare time, his holidays, and his Sundays has been used in working, up to the present, when his initial dream has become a reality. During all these years his ingenuity, his mechanical and engineering skill and his artistry, have been focussed on the crystallization of this dwelling. He has not missed a single day from his work, or put any money into the venture other than what he has earned from his daily labor.

Quarried the Stone Himself

HE quarried from the side of the hill the lions of stone used in the walls and chimneys. He dug out the sand and gravel to use in the mortar for this masonry,—5400 cubic feet of it,—and hoisted stone, gravel, and sand with his own hands up to the summit of the hill where his house stands. The winch used in doing this was of his own contrivance. He installed a ram in the little stream running through the place, and forced water into barrels where it would be handy in mixing cement. He made the molds and then poured in the cement for the big structural parts of the edifice, as well as for the details of balustrade, floor-tile, and hearth-stone. He made seventy-three huge cement pipes to lay as an aqueduct through which to conduct the stream, instead of letting it run over the surface and expose it to the trash and filth coming from places farther upstream. He built two chimneys fifty feet high and twelve feet broad, and placed every one of the 40,000 pounds of Spanish tile covering the roof.

As Sam Siggins, architect, he has produced a house with twelve rooms, sleeping-porches, cellar, and, most distinctive of all, a large esplanade inclosed by arched pillars. As engineer, he has produced cement flues that carry ashes directly from the fireplaces to the bin below, a pneumatic water system that keeps up the necessary pressure at all times automatically. He has put in a steam-heating system, with pipes and radiators throughout the building. He has a bin under the porch to hold coal. Throughout it is a dwelling such as a man with a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year might order from the best architect. It represents the savings account to which he has added not only a share of his wages as an expert wood-worker, but also every moment of time he could afford from his daily meals and resting hours.

When he doesn't stay late at the shop, Sam Siggins spends the evening at the "Wigwam." When the days are long, he accomplishes much before it is necessary to light a lantern. In the winter, he does most of his evening work by lamplight.

When It's Finished—

WHEN one hears the sound of hammering and sawing coming from that quarter,—whether after supper, when all workmen are supposed to be taking their rest, or on Sunday or the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving,—and asks any passer-by what it means, the reply comes without a moment's hesitation that it's Sam Siggins building his house; that he has been at work on it for seventeen years, and that when it is finished his sweetheart says she will marry him.

And He Built This Telescope

Because Professor Swezey wanted to star-gaze he built this big telescope for the University of Nebraska. It took him eight years.

THE only sort of person who can do any star-gazing without the aid of a telescope is a youth on a moonlight night. Professor G. D. Swezey of the University of Nebraska is no longer a youth, and being a professor of astronomy, he wanted a telescope through which to gaze. He has it now, because he built it, not because the university appropriated the funds to have some one else build it. And it is one of the finest instruments in the United States. But Professor Swezey still has a card up his sleeve. When the instrument was done there was no observatory large enough to put it in, so the university must put up a building for the department of astronomy, whether it wants to or not.

Three generations of students helped. That was because the job took eight years, and because students graduate. The first class took hold in the university machine shops in 1907. The professor drew the tentative plans himself, and then carried them over to the room of an engineering student who had a penchant for star-gazing. Blueprints followed that work, detailing the 310 parts that had to be constructed.

Then, for the next eight years, the professor put all of his spare time into the construction of an instrument with all modern equipment which would be scientifically accurate. There are only two or three firms in the United States capable of turning out a big telescope, and they require from a year to three years to fill such an order. Professor Swezey's work was not slow relatively.

The cash valuation of these eight years of spare-time labor is about six thousand dollars, and now the University of Nebraska has the ... telescope in the state ... and one of the largest ... instruments of the kind ... West. It measures eight ... feet long and has a ... twelve-inch lens. It stands on an iron base that is twelve feet high —and it is all a gift from the professor to his university. Professor Swezey's ideas are not petered ... more than are those of Sam Siggins above. Any man who really wants something is at liberty to try their methods.

Copyright, 1913, Every Week Corporation, John H. Hanley, President; J. F. Bresnahan, Vice President; Bruce Barton, Secretary; R. M. Donaldson, Treasurer; 95 Madison Avenue, New York. All rights reserved. Subscriptions taken in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico, and Cuba, $1.00 a year. In Canada, $1.25. Foreign countries, $1.50. Entered a second-class matter June 14, 1905, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Where Houses Burn Like Paper

PHILLIPS BROOKS, traveling in Japan, noted that the houses are either built very solidly, so as to withstand earthquake shocks, or else very flimsily, so that they can be rebuilt with little trouble or loss. An earthquake, sweeping this flimsy section, causes hardly more consternation than a hard rain along the banks of the Ohio River.

In the Philippines the enemy is not earthquake, but fire. United States officials found, when they took hold of the islands, that the people could not pay much for building materials, and that the bamboo houses burned down about as regularly as our houses are cleaned. Moreover, it was suspected that in some instances the dealers in bamboo had set fire to whole sections of the native dwellings, in order to freshen the market for their product.

The government has not yet solved this problem of fighting fire, and never will. But long steps have been taken in relieving the damage. The fire-fighting apparatus of Manila is now the finest in the far East, and rigid building restrictions have been enacted which greatly reduce the fire hazard.

Can You Win This Prize?

IN the hope of stamping out the evil entirely, the government offered a liberal prize to any one who should invent a building material that would be as light and as cheap as bamboo, and at the same time be absolutely fire-proof. The prize has never been claimed; probably it never will be.

Fighting fire in the Philippines, fighting fever in Cuba, fighting revolution in Hayti, and ignorance everywhere—so the strong arm of the United States reaches out in all directions. For such is the penalty of power.

When a Philippine dealer in bamboo is overstocked, he sends a man out to set fire to a native village; after which he does a fine business for a few weeks. That, at least, is what the natives will tell you; but often a village burns up because the natives are careless, or too lazy to clean house, and—poof! goes a whole village of the crackly stuff.

"Swift's Premium" Calendar-1916

Little Red Riding Hood

4 Fairy Tale Pictures

By Jessie Willcox Smith

This is one of the best and most novel calendars we have published. It is arranged in four leaves—each leaf picturing a scene from a popular fairy tale with a brief word story on the back.

The scenes are from:

Little Red Riding Hood
Jack and the Bean Stalk
Cinderella :: Goldilocks

Every child will delight in seeing these favorite fairy tale characters attractively illustrated in brilliant colors. Everybody will appreciate the artistic conception of these child-like myth children as masterfully painted by this famous artist. No advertising appears on them to prevent framing.

The calendar will be a daily reminder of

"Swift's Premium" Hams and Bacon

How to Get the Calendar

This beautiful calendar will be sent to any address in United States for 10 cents in coin or stamps:

or—Trade-mark seal of five "Swift's Premium" Cleansing-urine cartons
or—Labels from five "Swift's Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons
or—4 Covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons
or—5 Monroe Effects Soap wrappers
or—10 Wool Soap wrappers

(add 10c extra in Canada on account of duty.)

Swift & Company 4103 Packers Ave. Chicago

Is Your Cat a Good One?

THIS does not necessarily mean, is it a prize-winning Persian, with a more or less fancy price attached, but is it good of its class, whatever that may be—Persian, Angora, Siamese, Manx, or common native short-hair? Is it in good condition, well groomed, and fairly well up to the standard of the requirements for its class?

It is no longer necessary to own a long-haired cat in order to be satisfied or proud of its possession; for many of the short-hairs are quite as beautiful, and far more easily cared for. Moreover, they are coming to be much valued by cat fanciers.

"Short-Hairs" Coming into Favor

PRACTICALLY the same points called for in a long-haired exhibition cat are required in the short-hair. Let me mention a few of these, and see how closely they fit your cat and mine. A good head, round and short in the nose, strong of jaw, with tiny ears set well apart, will go far toward putting a cat in the winning class. Then, a compact body, well carried on short, well set legs; a short well shaped tail, well carried—not dragged; and a smooth, clean, silky coat, with the skin rippling freely over supple muscles.

Solid color cats—for instance, black, white, blue, cream, orange—should be of a perfectly solid and even color, without a white hair anywhere, not even the little white spot on the throat known to fanciers as "the locket." Personally I regret this discrimination, but the fanciers consider it a defect.

If you have a silver-stripe or tabby cat with the silver very white and clear and the black a clean jet-black, with no tinge of brown about the head or fore paws, you may begin to have aspirations about the winter cat shows.

Broken colors are always taboo; but any standard color properly marked with white—white feet, white collar and bib, and white blaze in the face, not extending above the eyes, with all the rest of the body free from white—are in a class by themselves, and I hope the day will come when full justice will be done them.

The beauty of any cat depends so greatly upon its care that one is hardly in a position to judge it until it is put at its best. The first requisite in the care of a cat is a comfortable place for it to live in, especially at night—its own basket or cushion, where it will be undisturbed; a quiet, peaceful atmosphere, free from sudden disturbances and alarms; proper and sufficient food at regular hours, and always fresh water available; a daily grooming with brush or hand, and always a gentle word or a friendly pat.

Tabby's Bill of Fare

IN arranging its bill of fare, we must remember that the cat is carnivorous and not omnivorous, like the dog, and that meat, either raw or cooked, must form an important part of its diet. This meat diet should be fed at night. The morning meal may consist of some cereal with milk or cream; at noon bread soaked in broth or gravy, such vegetables from the table as it will eat—excepting potatoes, which should not be fed. Dog biscuits, soaked in broth until soft, are especially good and fattening. This may be varied by an occasional dish of cream toast, bread and butter, which is always well liked, macaroni cooked in broth, with a bit of cheese on the side. Where there is only one pet cat, its meals usually come from the family table; but where a number are kept their feeding becomes a matter of careful and economical marketing, and one must learn what cuts of meat furnish the greatest amount of nourishment with the least waste. Cheap cuts of meat that are largely bone are not economical when fed raw; but when cooked they make a nourishing broth which, with bread, provides a wholesome meal. Liver, when well cooked, may be fed safely once or twice a week; but it must never be fed raw.

Haul that tabby cat from his warm place behind the stove and look at him. "Short-hairs" are coming into favor, and he may be a prize-winner, even though once an alley stray.

$2.00 and You Get This Superb Cornet

WURLITZER FREE Band Catalog!

TYPEWRITERS

FREE Beautiful Imported Amber Cigarette Holder, with 100 highest grade Turkish Cigarettes, for $1.00. These cigarettes are direct from the manufacturer to the consumer. Write today for this wonderful offer. Send cash, stamps or money order. I. B. KRINSKY, 267 South Fourth Street, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS EARN $25 to $100 A WEEK

STAMP ALBUM with 520 Genuine Stamps, Ind. Old Mexico, Malay Object, China Issues, Tasmania Issue, Jamaica Issue, Old Spain, Set Old Italy, Set Old Greece, etc., all for 25c. FREE! 100 Fine Mixed 20c, 1000 Hinged 5c, Agents Wanted, 50 p.c. Big Duty Stamps. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED IDEAS

Write for List of Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Patents secured or Fee Returned. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 9 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay Send Sketch or Model for Search. BOOKS and ADVICE FREE. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS Do Not Sacrifice Your Inventions. Get full money value. RELIABLE Book Free. Write R. S. & A. B. Lacey, 625 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

ALWAYS FRESH

There is no more marked difference between fresh Olive Oil and olive oil packed months ago as there is between a newly-laid egg and an egg months old. Insist on POMPEIAN

THE STANDARD IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

The Boston Post

HAS THE

Largest Morning Circulation

IN THE UNITED STATES

Its Net Paid Daily Circulation for the Six Months Ending October 1, 1915, was

463,578 Copies Per Day

This was over **70,000** copies per day larger than the Net Paid Daily Circulation of any other Morning Newspaper in the United States. It was also over **58,000** larger than the Net Paid Circulation of any Evening Newspaper in the United States, with one exception, and that in New York City.

PROVEN BY SWORN STATEMENTS OF LEADING NEWSPAPERS

of Net Paid Circulation for the Six Months Ending October 1, 1915, to the United States Postoffice Department as Required by Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

BOSTON POST 463,578	New York World 391,156*	Chicago Tribune 354,520	Philadelphia Inquirer 203,976*
Boston Globe (Morn. & Eve.) 227,523	New York American 349,345*	Chicago Examiner 232,015	Philadelphia N. American 171,660*
Boston Herald (Morn. & Eve.) 170,093	New York Times 318,274*	Chicago Herald 193,534	Philadelphia Record 161,765*
Boston American (Eve.) 389,944	New York Herald 98,651*	Chicago News (Eve.) 405,375	Philadelphia Press 75,247*
Baltimore Sun (Morn. & Eve.) 146,016	New York Tribune 82,674*	Chicago American (Eve.) 378,943	Philadelphia Public Ledger 65,507*
Baltimore American 81,982	New York Sun 71,749*	Minneapolis Journal (Eve.) 98,254	Philadelphia Evening Bulletin .354,140
Baltimore News (Eve.) 70,916	New York Eve. World 403,787	Minneapolis Tribune (M.&E.) 116,798	St. Louis Post-Dispatch (Eve.) 190,801*
San Francisco Examiner 143,336	New York Evening Journal .. 782,249	Los Angeles Times 62,577	St. Louis Globe-Democrat 144,371*
Cincinnati Times Star (Eve.) .. 154,709	New York Evening Telegram. 225,104	Kansas City Star (Eve.) 207,193*	Washington Star (Eve.) 68,956
Brooklyn Eagle (Eve.) 44,068	New York Evening Sun 155,009	Denver Post (Eve.) 74,800	

All of the above daily newspapers sell for one cent retail in the city of publication, except as follows: 5 cents, San Francisco Examiner; 3 cents, New York Herald and Brooklyn Eagle; 2 cents, New York Sun, Philadelphia Ledger, Denver Post, Los Angeles Times, morning edition of Boston Globe.

*These figures are average of Daily and Sunday editions combined.

NOTE—"Net Paid Circulation" of the Boston Post given above includes only newspapers paid for by the reading public. Unsold newspapers left in the hands of newsdealers, whether or not they were returnable to the office of publication, are deducted from the Boston Post's "Net Paid," the advertiser being interested only in the number of newspapers sold to actual readers.

DISPLAY ADVERTISING

In Boston newspapers having Daily and Sunday Editions for the Ten Months Ending October 31, 1915. Classified Advertising, of which the Boston Post does not make a specialty for business reasons, is NOT INCLUDED in this Comparison. It is proper to state that, including Classified Advertising, the Boston Globe led other Boston Newspapers in Total Advertising for period named by nearly a million lines.

	Agate Lines Display
BOSTON POST	5,302,189
Boston Globe	4,127,401
Boston American	3,448,086
Boston Herald	2,747,782

AN ADVERTISER CAN "COVER NEW ENGLAND" WITH THE BOSTON POST

Eastern Advertising Representative
KELLY-SMITH CO., 220 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Editor and Publisher
EDWIN A. GROZIER

Western Advertising Representative
C. GEO. KROGNESS, 903 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.